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OUR  
KNITTING  
BOOK FOR  
CHILDREN

see page 9



# HERO'S SON

By  
**JACLAND MARMUR**

**T**HIS time Tommy Lanchard, second mate in a merchant ship called *Parcifal*, came home alone on his return from the sea.

Other times he had always stopped at the Bertrams' so he could come walking up the hill with flaxen-headed Janey's hand in his. He told his mother that a man who came home from the war at sea had a right to have all his women round him at once, and Emily Lanchard always smiled.

Jane would toss her head, but when she looked at Tommy there'd be blue fire in her eyes to let anyone know whom she belonged to, and why. But this time Janey wasn't there; when Tommy came home he was alone.

In the twilight of that room he was standing with his back to Emily now, sombrely peering out the window across the chimney pots of the city to where he knew the ocean was. His feet were wide-spaced in a seaman's stance, his shoulders forward-thrusting, while the west wind whimpered past the eaves of that highest house on the hilly street. Its sound touched some haggard memory; it made Tommy Lanchard's shoulders stir.

"The *Parcifal* lays up for repairs," he said in a flat and toneless voice. "Captain Hanson asked me to go chief mate with him in the *Martingale*."

"I told him no."  
"Was it very awful, Tommy?" Emily's voice was quiet, asking him that. It seemed so utterly irrelevant. Tommy Lanchard didn't turn.

"It's because I'm Lucky Lanchard's boy," he went on. "It's because I'm a hero's son. They were shipmates in the last war, Captain Hanson and Dad. They were together in that open boat after the Republic

was torpedoed. Captain Hanson saw father hold the steering oar through all that western ocean gale, the time Dad won his first command. He says you know what to expect of Captain Thomas Lanchard's son. That's why he wants me to sail with him as chief mate."

All of a sudden Tommy spun round. He put his back against the sunset glow. "I told him no!" his fierce voice lashed out. "Because I'm not a hero! I found that out!" His voice went hollow. "Now I know."

"It was very awful, Tommy, wasn't it?"

Emily asked him that again in her soft low voice. This time he heard her. So he lifted his head and spoke to the middle space of that dusky room.

They came out of the sun, black specks against a South Pacific sky. They made a thin droning over the scattering ships of the convoy—all one by one they fell over on their wings and hurtled toward the ocean in screaming dives.

Tommy Lanchard saw the MG gunners in the bridge wings leaning hard against the slings, black puff-balls bursting up aloft. He remembered how the long, flat swells erupted monstrous geysers, rocking the ship with concussion. Then a mighty fist hurled him.

When he came to, there was still the scream like rending metal, guns like drumfire, the shuddering explosion of the bombs. But the bridge was splintered and the MG gunners weren't there, except one red-headed boy lying quietly, head down. And Captain Hanson, ragged and covered with blood, bellowing half-way down the ladderway to rig the big handwheel aft.

That's what they did, while the



crippled ship yawed wildly. Then Tommy Lanchard had the spokes in his fists, fighting them down so the *Parcifal* answered her helm just in time to clear the *S.S. Johnson*, helpless under a pillar of smoke, a corvette circling with her battery of A.A.s ablaze.

Captain Hanson was crumpled against the taffrail, hugging his chest, crying curses and orders all at once, while Tommy clawed the wheel spokes because no one else was left.

That's where he stood, and he remembered it with searing clarity. The *Zeros* came over, gunning the decks. Again and again. Straight at him. Growing huge. Like enormous obscene bats. He could see the flame-tongues of each burst, spurring at him. He saw the binocular explode. This was death! Roaring mast-high at him!

And he was scared. He felt the dreadful taste of fear, dry and metallic, in his mouth.

Why should he stand there, two fists on the spokes of a splintered wheel, steering a stricken ship? Why? Captain Hanson was unconscious; he lay still. Let go! Let go, you fool! Take cover while there's time! No one will know. No one! No one but you.

That's what he told Emily, while the quick dusk deepened in that house on a San Francisco hill. He was still staring to the middle space of that room, seeing there with frightful clarity the broken litter of the ruthless war at sea.

"Oh," he said hoarsely, "I didn't let go. I was still standing there when our own planes came over and blasted the Japs. They tell me they had to pry my hands loose of the wheel spokes. The chief laughed about it. He said it was what you'd expect of Lucky Lanchard's boy."

Tommy's voice went bitter. "Well, it's not true! I was scared! The only reason I didn't let go and fall on my face was because I kept thinking of Dad with his frozen hands on a steering oar twenty-six years ago."

He hesitated an instant and his head came down. "It was father's hands that held that wheel," he said. "Not mine."

Then there was silence in that room until Emily Lanchard spoke. Her voice was a whispered memory, saying, "You stand the way your father did, fierce, in a house on Henry Street in the Port of New York, telling me many years ago he was not fit to take command. He would refuse it. He had been afraid."

Tommy Lanchard's head shot round. His eyes went suddenly wide.

"But he didn't let go, either, and he took command," Emily Lanchard went on. "He has held it with honor ever since. There are no heroes, Tommy. There are only men who will face what they must—and men who will not."

In the stillness Tommy Lanchard stared at her like a man transfixed. What help, he wondered in that instant, what help had his father had? Because all at once it dawned on him. No man can hold a faithful course through chaos with his own two hands alone. Whose hands besides his own were on the steering oar when that man held it and the lives of fourteen wounded seamen in an open, gale-swept boat?

A sudden urgency came on him, a deep, compelling thing. So he spun round. He strode away from Emily. And when she saw them at last through that window in the dim light of the street lamps, they were climbing the hill together, the way they always did.

"Tommy is sailing chief officer!" Jane said when they came in. Her eyes were shining. She kept her small white fist in Tommy's hand. She didn't let it go, saying proudly in her stirring, throaty voice, "He will be even younger than his father was when he gets a ship of his own."

"Why, of course!" Emily agreed at once. "What else would you expect of Captain Thomas Lanchard's son?"

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Let go, you fool! he urged himself, as the *Zeros* roared towards him.



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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 17, 1944



# GIVE BACK MY HEART

By MARY HOWARD



FOR seven years, KAY HARDING'S whole life has been the Anderson Theatre, owned by MARTIN ANDERSON, brilliant London producer. She is Martin's secretary, and is secretly in love with him, but her world crashes about her when she finds that he has fallen madly in love with his latest star, MAGDA JOUBERT, who escaped from Poland early in the war, abandoning her husband to his fate there.

The opening night of Martin's new show, Kay is miserably unhappy, the only highlight for herself being a rather ludicrous meeting with an attractive R.A.F. sergeant who attends the show.

She resolves to bring matters to a head with Martin by declaring that she is going to join the W.A.A.F., but, to her bitter astonishment, he accepts her resignation willingly, giving her a green ornamental cigarette lighter as a farewell present.

Now read on:

THE day Kay joined the W.A.A.F. was the strangest she could remember, stranger even than the day when she had first entered the Anderson Theatre as an employee of Martin Anderson. She had been very young then. Everything had been new and different, but she had expected it to be so.

Her life until then had been narrow. Boarding school, and an aunt's home in Devon, where she had spent her holidays, afterwards the big girls' hostel in London, and the days at the commercial college. The moment she had secured the job she had been keyed up, eager, waiting for the impact with the world of theatre which she knew would be a vivid, interesting change.

In that first year with Martin she had changed completely—she had acquired poise, experience, chic and a brilliant efficiency—and she had lost her heart. So much had she changed that no one, even Martin, ever associated her with the quiet, shy, badly dressed but passionately determined child who had first taken the job.

This was a kind of reversal—like Alice passing through the misty surface of the looking-glass and finding

herself in an entirely new world, with strange rules, and new values, where her highly cultivated quality of personality was little compared to the general efficiency of service. It was not so much what she did, but what her group did. It should not have been difficult, and yet it was.

She stood in a big light but that first day, with about fifty other girls, while a trim, indifferent sergeant with red hair and a pronounced Scottish accent took her measurements, collected various garments from the long, wooden shelves behind her, and slapped them down on the counter before her. She moved along, collecting her kit.

She was surrounded by girls—girls of all sorts and sizes, colorings and tones, elegant girls, untidy girls, neat girls, sporting girls, all slowly changing into girls trimly and identically clad in blue. She looked down at her smart tweed suit, her crocodile shoes, and soft, fine camel-hair jersey, and had a sudden desire to cling to them, as though, when they went back into a parcel to be sent to her flat, some part of herself would go.

Kay had chosen these garments, they had been cut to flatter the long, slim-hipped, wide-shouldered body that needed no flattering. They even smelt as though they belonged to her—faintly of gardenia, cool and clean. The growing pile of clothes on the counter smelt harsh and new and rough.

About her people were trying on jackets, sticking the new caps on their heads, talking and giggling a little too loudly. Kay

knew that sound—first night nerves. It was the first familiar thing, and quieted the panic that had arisen at her vanishing individuality. She stacked the things up quietly, waiting her turn.

Next to her was a tall, exquisite blonde whose face was somehow startlingly familiar. She was holding up a regulation corset, her thin brows raised with horrified amusement. She met Kay's curious glance, and promptly stared back with the faintly calculating expression of one who has been stared at all her life. Kay smiled, unperturbed, and the superb one gave a faint, friendly grin, coming abruptly off her high horse. Among the miscellaneous crowd of girls they were two of a kind. Poised, groomed, assured.

It was a long, tiring day, and Kay went through it mechanically and almost thoughtlessly doing what she was told to do, answering questions, receiving orders, finding out what she had to do, where she had to live. The most harassing adjustment was that of always being in a crowd.

Her life at the theatre had been crowded, but there had always been the luxury of her flat, and the fortress of her office. There was a word that she learned later, on everyone's lips—part of the odd language of the Service. To bind. A bind was the boring repetition of routine, the nagging insistence of a life where everyone must keep up to scratch, day after day, week after week. Her first twenty-four hours in the Service was a bind.

For her there was no thrill in the newness and strangeness—no anticipation, and no personal interest. The majority of the girls had come eagerly to the new life, interested and excited—not Kay. She did everything she was told to do, quickly and well, because, after working for Martin when most of the time she had to rely on her own judgment to anticipate his needs, the mere obeying of orders was neither difficult nor puzzling. But now she was so irrevocably away from him she was hungry for the sight of him and the sound of his voice.

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"Before I come to England I have seen such a one," said Boris, turning the lighter in his hand.





# Give Back My Heart Continued from page 3

**S**HE was lonely, too, heartsick and homesick for the smell of the theatre, that stuffy and nostalgic smell of grease-paint and dust; she longed for the color and difference of theatre people, and the rushed excitement of her work—the flying about London after Martin, from rehearsal to rehearsal, the names, the personalities. At first she had thought only of Martin, of the finality of the loss she had suffered, but now she realised how bitterly she was missing her job.

At tea Kay found herself sitting next to the tall blonde. The food was good, she found, but rather dull and plain. It reminded her irresistibly of her boarding-school days.

The tall blonde was helping herself enthusiastically to the bread and jam. However she had achieved that glorious slenderness, it was obviously not through dieting. She glanced at Kay's still face, and neat, coppery hair—glanced at the sombre dark eyes, the beauty of that rebellious mouth.

She said quietly: "Well, Ginger—how's the chain gang?"

Kay glanced up, startled, smiled, drank her strong tea in the thick cup, not attempting to eat. "All right—a bit of a bind. Heavens, I'm catching the language already!"

"It's pretty easy."

"D'you know, I'm positive I've met you before. Are you on the stage—I mean, were you?"

"No. It's my fate, I expect—it's depressingly familiar. You've seen it in fashion magazines most likely. I'm Roma Gordon—the model."

"Oh, of course!" Kay recalled her at once. In the past few years there had not been a fashion magazine of note that had not carried this girl's photograph displaying suits and gowns, hats, jewellery, and furs. "Of course, I've seen your picture heaps of times. How did you get on to-day? I feel inches slimmer already."

Roma laughed. "It means nothing to me—this P.T. I used to do at least an hour every morning to keep

my hips photogenic. I say, aren't you going to have something to eat? You're quite slim enough for ordinary purposes. It's really very good."

Kay shook her head. She was hungry, and yet somehow she could not make herself eat. She thought: I'd like to write to Martin to-night. A long letter. Yet I mustn't worry him with letters about myself—and I've nothing to tell him yet. Nothing that will be useful to his work. I mustn't tell him what I feel, because it would make him feel guilty, and he'd hate that. I must wait about a month, and then write very casually.

She found the other girl was looking at her, curiously, and started again, angry with herself at this unaccustomed habit of day-dreaming. She had never done it before—there had been no need. "I'm not hungry," she said.

"Homesick?"

Kay laughed bleakly. "Not exactly. One can't really be homesick for a two-roomed flatlet."

"No. True." The blue eyes glanced at her sharply and then Roma said: "Don't eat your heart out. It's a waste of time. Look here, have some bread and jam before everyone else scoffs it."

Kay laughed at this practical form of comfort, and obediently took a thick piece of bread and margarine, her appetite rushed back, and she began to eat hungrily.

"That's fine. Must keep the energy going. We shall be here for a while, drilling and the usual bind," added Roma. "Then we'll move off on whatever course we take."

"You seem to know all about it."

"All my folks are in the R.A.F.," said Roma lightly. "All except mother—I have a sister a squadron officer—if I get stationed near her I'll make her life a misery." She giggled at the thought of it.

"Is that what made you join this Service?"

"I—we're a big family. I mean

if anything happens to one of them you feel you must do something about it. My youngest brother went down over France. He was an air gunner. He was only eighteen, and was rather our pride and joy. We thought he was going to be pretty bright. He went into the R.A.F. instead of medical school—so—"

she shrugged, her face suddenly rather hard.

"I didn't like modelling, but we were broke at the time, and he needed the money to be a doctor. It seemed the one way I could earn quite a lot of money." She laughed again, her light, casual laugh. "But you don't want to hear my life story. He went down on his second trip out, so I thought if I could get into the W.A.A.F. I'd be doing something about it. I want to go into the operational room. Help them to get home."

"Oh," Kay said faintly—her own reason for joining seemed cheap and selfish. Everything suddenly changed.

There was a reason quite apart from any personal escape, why she should be sitting in this long, rather ugly hut, wearing a thick, blue uniform, eating bread and margarine and jam. This wasn't just a sort of rough-and-ready haven for her own misery. It wasn't even a process in which she could bury her heart alive. It was a job, and a vital one, which she had to do well—to give everything that was in her, as that boy, that child had given his life.

She said suddenly: "I'd like to go on ops, too."

**L**IFE went on slowly, and, after the first fortnight of disciplinary training, with an absorbing interest. She and Roma were posted together to a training school, where life became a sort of competition between them. Kay, because of her business training, had a great advantage, and also because of it was able to help her friend considerably.

She did not hear from Martin. Dutifully she attended every possible show and concert she could; dutifully she wrote to him, criticising and suggesting, listing comments she heard from the people round her. He never replied. She was not surprised. She could never remember him writing a personal letter to anyone in all the years she had been with him.

The months passed, and she and Roma Gordon stuck together, passing out well on their course and applying, as friends, to be posted together.

Their first seven days, which they had at the end of their training period, they spent at Roma's home in the country. There were, as she had said, crowds of them, the youngest still at school, the eldest a squadron officer.

Roma's mother was a charming, vague woman, who appeared rather baffled by her extraordinarily large family, but Kay could see that with both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon the boy they had lost had taken away the largest part of their hearts.

To Kay, who had never known anything but the impersonal life of boarding-school and hostel, that

leave was a revelation. She saw then that all these things she had missed she had put into her feeling for Martin. She had made him the centre of her loneliness. Roma, her heart spread out from childhood over so many loves, could never feel for one person with the same intensity that Kay had done.

Shortly after their leave they were posted to a big operational station in the north of England. All round the landing ground were wheat fields flowing over swelling rise and curving hollow.

The breeze from the grey North Sea, chill and invigorating, always blew across the great open space of the big landing ground, carved out of the wold like a pancake flipped down among the fields of wheat. Kay's life was bounded by it now, and by the big circular control tower, where you could look across at the hangars, where the mechanics swarmed like blue flies about the machines.

It was all deeply interesting. Sometimes it was almost like fighting yourself, to sit there with the earphones clamped on your head, helping to bring the bombers home. Sometimes they were damaged, or had struck bad weather; sometimes the men aboard were wounded, perhaps dying; sometimes fog and ground mist crept up insidiously from the damp fields, bringing added danger to the great planes, groping home from their mission of death.

Kay and Roma each had two stripes on their sleeves now. They lived very comfortably in one of the grey stone manor houses that had been turned into Waafs' quarters. A square, solid comfortable old house, with vast empty stables, colossal kitchens, and enormous nurseries running across the attic floors. The garden was quiet, yew-shaded, and beautifully kept.

Their restroom was comfortable. It had been the library. They were glad the officers had been given the lofty, imposing, but not nearly so cosy drawing-room.

**I**T was a chill moonlit, spring night. Kay was sunk deeply into an armchair before the great open fireplace, buried in a new book. She looked up at Roma, who was all a-glitter, hair washed, fronding out, wearing stockings, a present from a trans-Atlantic ferry pilot, a regulation grey but of a dazzling thinness.

Roma strolled over and dropped down on the arm of Kay's chair. "Guess what I've collected," she said irrelevantly.

"What?"

"A Pole." Roma's voice was suppliant, but her eyes were not. "He's just been posted here. I believe he's rather a good pilot, although he seems to have had a pretty heady time before he arrived in England. I spent four hours' hard work last week before I got him to laugh. Want to see him?"

"No."

"Oh, come on, Ginger. Get your face washed. It's only a mile to walk, and it's a glorious night—I feel romantic."

"Roma, I don't want to go to the dance. I want to read."

"Don't be pestiferial. I need moral support. I'm rather out of my depth."

Kay hooted derisively, but rose obediently to her feet.

"Give me half an hour to get a bath, and I'll be ready."

The dance was a weekly Wednesday night event at the parish hall in the village. The two girls walked along the moonlit road together. Many of the people from the camp were going to the dance. Girls and men in noisy parties, walking along together, rending the night air with song and laughter, or in quiet twosomes, arms linked, lingering slowly, tempted by the still beauty of the wolds and the soft mystery of the night.

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# MURDER MAKES A BID



**An accident, purely and simply, they said—but Nick couldn't leave it at that.**

**W**HEN word came into town at seven o'clock that evening that Dallas Naylor was dead, Nick Allison let his tilted chair on the porch of the Hayworth House drop with a decisive bang.

The clerk, who had taken the telephone message, stood on the porch and called to a man lounging nearby.

"See if you can find Henry Tate," he said. "Tell him I'm in a hurry."

"What happened to Naylor?" Nick asked.

"Went through the rail on the Grasshopper Creek bridge," the clerk answered. "Cooksie telephoned. He saw the bridge break."

"Fine time to call a man away from a—"

Henry Tate, the sheriff, looked at the clerk expectantly, nodded at Nick.

"What's—"

The clerk blurred the message, repeated what he'd just said to Nick.

"I'll ride out with you, Henry," Nick said.

"Sure," the sheriff said, but he wasn't enthusiastic.

"Naylor never was a reckless driver, Henry," Nick said after they were a few yards along the road.

"You tryin' to see murder in this, as he is up with O' Man Tolbut?"

Henry Tate shot Nick a glance. There was sarcasm in his tone.

"I can't get Tolbut off my mind," Nick said.

"I was his lawyer. Yet I know less about him than anybody."

Queer fellow—always made me think he was chucking secretly over something. His relatives shunned him.

"No relatives nowheres near Toad Neck round the time he died," the sheriff said.

"All had alibis. An' you know the old man didn't have no enemies down here."

"When you got a legend of buried treasure round you, Nick said, 'you don't need physical enemies to bump you. People don't have to hate you.'"

"That's just a story," the sheriff said. "People don't hide cash like that."

"Another thing," Nick argued.

"The old man was healthy—and careful. He didn't care about boats, and certainly he wouldn't venture out in one with a nor-easter driving."

"I don't like you inferrin', Nick. That I ain't done my duty in that case," the sheriff complained.

"You know I checked on everybody. The Cooksie boy told a straight forward story."

Mr. Naylor was one o' the last—maybe the last—to see the old man alive.

Went over to pay 'im for a cow on a Wednesday evenin'."

"Funny how Naylor outbid everybody at the old man's sale this afternoon," Nick said.

"On the crassest assortment of trinkets and boxes and such. And Bert Solters. He tried to outbid Naylor."

Alf Earley got in some, and Tom Brett was into a lot of things. I watched 'em all."

"I know Alf had some trouble with the ol' man in fishin' rights," Henry Tate admitted.

"Checked on him an' this Brett an' even Solters durin' the time o' that storm. None o' 'em had any alibis, but then none o' 'em—well, you know what Dr. Sawyer found out."

The sheriff said with exasperation. "No indication that there was any foul play. It was

accidental drownin', an' you can't make nothin' else out of it."

But Nick wasn't satisfied. He'd been to the auction sale this afternoon and he'd watched some of the people there.

Naylor, Bert Solters prodding, Alf Earley, Tom Brett, and the Cooksie boy seemed to search for the fortune in cash that the old man had reputedly buried.

Certainly a careful search of the house and furnishings had revealed but a few dollars in cash, some property deeds in a drawer, and the one-page will that Nick had drawn for Tolbut, leaving everything to his Philadelphia niece.

"You know who's the beneficiary under the old man's will, Henry?"

"That good-lookin' niece from Philly," Henry said.

"She—"

"Well, that good-lookin' niece from Philly," Nick said, "feels like I do about it."

Old Man Tolbut was wealthy. Somewhere he had plenty of cash and securities. He's dead. Nobody can find anything. She's turned the case over to me. Wants a thorough investigation. So if you're not willing to play ball, Henry—"

"I ain't willin' to be made a fool of," Henry Tate retorted defiantly.

They came in sight of the Grasshopper Creek bridge, and the people standing on the road, and somebody waving a flashlight. And Henry said, "That's them, now."

It wasn't a car, but a station wagon. It was thirty feet from the bridge to the dry rocks through which the little stream coursed. The vehicle was partly on its roof and partly on its side, and roof and side were telescoped with Dallas Naylor crushed between.

In the back of the wagon, the odds and ends of things that Naylor had bought at the auction sale were a jumbled mess.

A curious group watched on while the sheriff scribbled notes and removed the body a little distance from the truck. Most important of the group was

William Cooksie, whose large ears gave him a battike look.

Alf Earley, Bert Solters, and Tom Brett were all there.

Nick dismissed these men from mind when he saw Sheriff Tate lean over and extract the dead man's wallet from the inside coat pocket.

Tate opened it and looked in. Then Nick said, "Let me look at it, will you, Henry?"

Henry handed it over. Nick made mental note of the contents. He was sure something was wrong here. He had seen Dallas Naylor buying things at the auction sale and had seen the man's roll when he paid for them. This, that was left in the wallet, certainly couldn't be called a roll.

Nick said, "You take it, Henry. We'd better find out how Cooksie came to discover—"

"I—I—I guess I just missed seein' it happen," Cooksie said, hurriedly. He always stuttered a little until he got started. "I heard the crash. I—I—I heard it bust up on the rocks an' come runnin' to see—"

"Where'd you hear it from?" Nick asked. "And the time? How long ago. Was—"

"I come outta the woods yon side of the hill," he pointed toward the north, the ridge that commanded

**"Let me look at it, will you, Henry?" Nick said as the sheriff drew out the wallet.**

the bridge from two hundred yards back. "I didn't see no car. No car passed me. But I heard this motor—outta sight over the rise. An' then—the big noise. Nobody yellin' or nothin'."

I—I—I was a quarter of a mile away an' hadda come up that hill an' over it. An' first thing I seen was the bridge rail busted."

Nick scowled at the battike man. "You wouldn't have a watch. You wouldn't know—"

"Maybe I can help out," Bert Solters said quietly. "It musta happened about seven-fifteen because I come along on the road, goin' north toward town about twenty-five after an' I saw William up on the bridge an' runnin' toward the hill. I blew my horn at him an' stopped him, an' he told me what he seen. I told him

at the tyre marks. The sheriff came and peered down."

"Easy see where he skidded all right."

"But he didn't, Henry. He was dead before he went over. Either dead or unconscious. Propped behind his wheel. He—"

"There you go, Nick, tryin'—"

"Only a blind man could miss it, Henry," Nick said. He lowered his voice. "William Cooksie claims he heard a motor, then the crash. He was better than a quarter of a mile away with a hill to climb. Right steep from the north side. When he got up the hill he looked down and saw this railing. He'd heard a motor. Get it, Henry?"

"Say, what're you tryin' to tell—"

"The motor Cooksie heard," Nick said with exasperation. "Wasn't the station wagon. It was a car pushing the station wagon with hand brake set

on it. That's what made these tyre marks. A set hand brake. The motor was another car's—pushing the station wagon through the rail."

"But, Nick, you've gotta have more'n that to say—"

"I'm saying it's murder, Henry," Nick retorted. "I'm saying it's got something to do with old man Tolbut's death in the marsh. At least that's the theory I'm going on, and you can do what you like about it. If this is murder, I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Especially since a client of mine's got something at stake in it."

Next morning Nick went to Partlow's garage where the wrecked wagon was. He looked to see if any marks would bear out his theory that the wagon had been shoved off the bridge.

While Nick was checking, a shadow fell across the crumpled rear fender.

Bert Solters said, "Glad I found you, Nick. I just heard somethin'."

"Yes?"

"You was Tolbut's lawyer, Nick," Solters said. "You ain't been satisfied about the coroner's verdict—"

"So?" Nick interrupted impatiently.

"Well, you remember that Friday night about a week before they found the ol' man's body. A howlin' nor'easter. Tom Brett an' William Cooksie just got into a row over at Murphy's Tavern. An' William let it slip he seen Tom Brett comin' up from the Tolbut place that night on the dirt road. Kinda thought you'd like to know."

Solters smiled ingratiatingly. Nick's mouth hardened.

"You'd been at the sale, Solters," Nick said. "The auction was all over at five o'clock. Where'd you go after that?"

Solters' color changed. "I—had business down the Neck. Nothin' important, Nick. Private matter. I was on my way back when I come on William at the bridge," he replied.

"No alibi for the time when Naylor was murdered," Nick shook his head.

"Nick! Are you crazy?" Solters was shaken.

"Naylor was murdered, you know," Nick said quietly, and left the garage with Solters looking feverishly after him.

Nick went next to the office of the auctioneer.

"This sounds crazy," Nick said, "but maybe you can remember some of the things that William Cooksie bid on yesterday."

**T**HE auctioneer eyed him shrewdly, then said, "I can almost tell you every bid anybody there made. William wanted a trunkload of books. He bid until only himself and this poor Naylor were left. Naylor finally took it."

"How about the teakwood chest?"

"Oh, that thing!" Mr. Meagins raised his shoulders expressively. "William started it off at a dollar. I think, and several people got in on it. Naylor and Solters stayed in until Naylor took it for thirty dollars."

"How about Alf Earley?" Nick asked. "What'd he bid on mostly?"

"Alf bought fifty cents worth of crocks," the auctioneer winked. "You know Alf. Home brew and raw corn. Ever try any of Alf's corn?"

The auctioneer smacked his lips.

Five minutes later Nick wanted to know all about Alf Earley's home-distilled whisky. The coroner's autopsy revealed that Dallas Naylor went to his death with a pretty good slug under his belt.

Nick didn't get down to Alf Earley's house, back in the woods off the Toad Neck Road, until late in the afternoon. It took him a little time to trace Dallas Naylor's movements as much as possible after the dead man left the sale. Plenty of witnesses to the fact that Naylor pulled out of the Tolbut lawn with his station wagon at about a quarter to six, and thirty minutes later he was at the filling station between the road to Tolbut's and the county seat.

Please turn to page 20

**By WILLIAM E. HAYES**

to hop in an' we burned up the road to get to the nearest place where there was a phone. William run into Alf Earley's house an' telephoned an' I waited for him."

Suddenly Nick straightened. He went over to the wreck and looked in with Tate's flashlight. The clock on the instrument board was stopped at 7:16.

Nick went back to the gaping William Cooksie. "You heard the wagon's motor on the opposite side of the hill—this side—so that it must've passed the spot where you came out of the woods just seconds before."

"Yesir," William said brightly. "Where were you coming from, Cooksie?" Nick's question staggered the hat-cared fisherman.

"Why—wh-wh-why just—home. I was down to—look at my nets on the bay—an' was headin' home the short way."

"You didn't see the station wagon pass on the road. You didn't hear it until you came out of the woods on to the road, and heard it on the other side of the hill. The motor."

"Naylor just lost control, that's all," Henry Tate said wearily.

Nick got the people off the bridge, then took the flashlight and looked





## "First it was Teddy"

Newsreel shot of children enjoying the Oslo Lunch at the Opportunity Clubs, Collingwood, Melbourne. Here, under-nourished children who had the Oslo Lunch for six months, gained twice as much in weight as children on ordinary lunches—they had a higher resistance to infection, too. Their school work improved. The Oslo Lunch is still being served regularly at the Opportunity Clubs... also at the Camperdown Children's Playground, Darlington School, Sydney, and many other schools throughout Australia.



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This advertisement is sponsored by the Kraft-Walker Cheese Co., as a contribution towards the building of a healthy nation and in appreciation of the work of the Opportunity Clubs in introducing the Oslo Lunch to Australia.



# SO MUCH HAPPINESS

By  
**LILIAN CHISHOLM**

It was just like Tom, Susan thought resentfully, to ask her to call for his medicine. He'd no doubt known that it would mean an endless wait in this little room—an endless, monotonous wait.

Monotony! Her life was nothing but monotony these days, it seemed.

Once she would never have believed that it could be so with Tom.

She glanced up as the surgery door opened and old Doctor Tims peered round it at her.

"Sue, is there some trouble, child?" he asked quickly, and she smiled reassuringly. He was a stupid old darling. He could have travelled far but instead he had remained chained to this badly paying small town.

"I called for Tom's medicine," she told him.

He turned and went back into his dispensary. The batz-covered, swing door swished behind him then, by some sudden fault, did not quite close, so that she could peep into one corner of the dispensary, could hear his voice, low, rumbling, talking to old Sally, who helped him with his bottle labels.

Sue leaned back, idly listening. Tom and his medicine—and all because of a childish stomach-ache. Men made such a fuss of themselves—a slight attack of illness, and they turned into whining, petulant children before your very eyes.

"You know, Sally, this is a pretty sad case—" the voice was low, worried. "Death doesn't worry me two boots—we all have to die some time or another, but a young man, with a young wife, kiddies. It'll be hard, too, telling the girl—"

"How long do you give him?" came Sally's slow, calm voice.

"Well"—the doctor's voice faded slightly—"you know how it is—sometimes a month, sometimes six, and I have to stuff him up with the usual idea of indigestion! If only there was something to be done—"

Susan sat very still, quite calm, but icy cold. Tom—her Tom! Only six months to live! Dear heaven!

Then she bit her lip hard. She mustn't let them see that she knew. They would try to talk her into believing it was "all for the best." They would tell her she would still have the children. She lifted her head swiftly as the cruel, faulty door opened.

"Sue, my dear—you don't look well." Sally held out the bottle, her keen eyes studying Sue's small face. "You wouldn't like old Timmy just to run the rule over you—"

Susan clutched the bottle feverishly, picking up her hat.

"No—I'm all right—perfectly all right, Sally," she said quickly. "And Tom will be wondering where I've got to. I had a meat pie for him, but, perhaps—"

The question hung before them,

frightening, tense. Sally seemed pale, worried.

"Look, Sue," she said now, clumsily. "You don't need to worry about Tom's food. It really won't make a lot of difference what he eats."

The words followed her out of the doctor's house, into the street, now filled with twilight. "It really won't make a lot of difference—" In other words, it's much too late to worry now. Tom would die, anyway—whether he ate meat pies or not.

She wanted to tell him, to urge him to enjoy every moment whilst he was able to do so.

It was funny, the way she had always ridiculed that garden of his, accusing him of wasting his time in it, urging him to spend more time with his books so that he might earn promotion. Many a time, she thought now, with a sense of shocked surprise, she had actually accused him of liking the garden more than he did herself. How childish and ridiculous he must have thought her!

Why had she developed into such a nagging shrew, these past years? It had all been so different when first they married.

As she drew near home, she could see Tom bending over his plants, one of the twins hanging on to his trouser leg, asking questions. They ought to have been in bed, of course, but as he turned to answer the child she saw the quiet affection on his face. How could she have been so adamant about the twins going to bed promptly every evening, just before he arrived home? What chance did she ever give him to know his own children?

He turned, saw her, and frowned.

"My dear—I'm sorry, the time flew past, and I quite forgot the children's bedtime! I shouldn't have asked you to get the medicine. I could have called on my way home."

"I didn't mind," she told him slowly. "I had a lazy afternoon, and the children have been very good."

He looked taken aback. Usually she told him of the way she had to slave all day, the naughtiness of the twins.

"It's nice and cool out here," she said abruptly. "Why don't we have supper outside?"

The children shrieked with delight; a puzzled look lingered in Tom's eyes. She felt suddenly awkward, shy.

"Well"—she waved her small hands impressively—"it's a shame to have such a lovely show of flowers and never enjoy them, isn't it?"

Supper was hilarious, out there on the porch. How queer, all these years they had lived there, and never supper on the porch—never, that is, since the children were born. And why? Just because she wanted to appear martyred, tired, too handicapped by all her work to be able to have time for fun or pleasure.

"Tom—let's walk out on to the hill," she said impulsively. "Like we used to do—remember?"

He stood up, putting his hands on her shoulders, peering into her face, smiling a little.

"Darling, what is it?" he asked, bewildered. "Have you changed, been bewitched, or something? Or have you heard good news about something to-day?"

She crumpled beneath his hands, turned away from him, choking a little. Good news! Dear, merciful heaven—if he only knew!

"Am I—so horrible, Tom, as a rule?" she asked slowly. "You make

me feel very small and beastly, saying that. Isn't it queer, when the kiddies went to bed, they said, 'Oh, thank you, Mummy—thank you so much.' And you, just now, when we were talking about the garden—you said, 'It's nice of you, darling, to waste your time on me this way.' Tom—what's happened to me, that my own children, my own husband, have to thank me for being decent, friendly, interested? Oh, Tom—"

His arms closed round her. Above her head his eyes were puzzled, but filled with a great peace.

She worked hard through the days that followed, working for the first time in her life, simply and solely for one aim, the happiness of another. Tom watched her anxiously, yet with a great happiness in his eyes.

It wasn't until she had known about Tom for just over a month that she felt she need not work any more to make him happy. She realised the simple truth that, once another person has been made happy, that happiness acts like a boomerang, returning again and again in increased blessedness. The little house began to exude content, serenity.

"Your husband has put on weight these last few weeks," they would tell her. "He looks amazingly well. Yet, not so long ago he looked right-down ill. What's the secret?"

She laughed at their teasing, keeping her knowledge to herself. Once, when poor little Mrs. Jacobs came, her tragic marriage showing in her eyes, Susan almost gave herself away.

"You seem to have found happiness," Mrs. Jacobs said wearily. "A



"Susan, you must tell me what's wrong,"  
Tom said gently.

little while back I'd have sworn you and Tom were heading for the rocks, like me and Charlie. But now the moment one enters your gate, it's as if there's complete peace. Did you and Tom have it all out in one glorious row, or what?"

Susan looked at Agnes Jacobs—old before her time, disillusioned, nerve-ridden.

"Are you happy at this very moment, Agnes?" she asked.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Jacobs admitted. "I suppose so. But when I get home Charlie will start arguing, and I—"

"Agnes—try to think, every time you see Charlie—Supposing I never saw him again, or 'Supposing he was never able to smile at me again.'"

Mrs. Jacobs got up, laughing a little.

Please turn to page 20

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# Wave of prayer follows news of Allied invasion

## War climax in Europe brings solemn memories of grim past

By ELIZABETH WILMOT

All over the world people are praying—even those who thought they had forgotten how to pray—as a feeling of great solemnity replaces the exhilaration roused by the news of the Allied invasion of Europe.

The most awe-inspiring task of this war, the liberation of Europe from the Nazis, has at last begun and we are all suddenly more aware of the tremendous issues involved and the terrible cost in blood and tears.

SINCE that first day, when from man to man the word was passed, "It's on!" we have been waiting, listening, looking for news hour by hour.

Already there have been moments that will be forever memorable—a word here, a phrase there, destined to become historic.

General Eisenhower's voice in a call to arms—a calm voice, soldierly and deep, that inspired confidence.

"The hour of liberation is at hand," he said, and we felt it was.

The King's voice in a call to "prayer and dedication."

The Queen's message with its deep understanding of how women will "keep a vigil with their menfolk as they man the ships, storm the beaches, and fill the skies."

Voices, Cockney voices, shouting cheery greetings recorded as the Tommies fled aboard invasion ships.

Our hearts warmed with pride in that indomitable spirit with its irrepressible flash of humor.

The British Tommy was making the return trip to Dunkirk, and he nearly broke our hearts as he belatedly "Wish me luck as you wave me good-bye."

Again came the surge of exhilaration as we read Churchill's so Churchillian exclamation, "And what a plan!" when he announced to the Commons that "Everything is proceeding according to plan."

Our reaction was immediate — "And what a man!"

A correspondent flashed a mention of a paratrooper who took a newspaper to read in the plane on the way to France!

All this was drama, world-shaking drama, with tears behind the eyes, and a sudden heart-tearing sense of what it all means — what it means to us, to our future here in Australia, what it means to the people of all these countries now tortured and starved by the once all-conquering enemy.

As the leaders of foreign Governments spoke to their people from London, their voices conjured up ghosts from the past.

The voice of King Haakon of Norway—it was the voice of an old and tired man, but it was charged with the vigor of a great new hope.

It brought a vision of gallant Norwegian fishermen and sailors slipping away from their dark floids in little boats, crossing the cold North Sea to join in the fight to free their people.

The message to Holland revived our admiration for a dauntless people whose resistance to the Nazi hordes is a deathless story.

It brought the urgent wish that before long the liberating armies would be among the dykes and canals in which so many swaggering Nazi conquerors have met icy death at the hands of Dutch patriots.

### Warning to Dutch

POIGNANTLY came the memory of the horror of Rotterdam, when 20,000 innocent people were slain by Nazi bombers in 74 minutes.

No wonder the message to the Dutch was one of strong warning—no violence until the right moment comes to strike.

A voice calling Belgium was a sharp reminder of a country whose blood-stained soil has for two generations been the symbol of German ruthlessness toward any nation small and weak.

Other memories crowd into the picture. Inevitably the contrast with June four years ago brought exultation.

"And what a contrast!" as Mr. Churchill might say.

"Four years ago our nation and Empire stood alone against an overwhelming and implacable enemy with our backs to the wall," said the King.



And yet at that grim time we saw the tragedy of Dunkirk as a shining triumph of spirit and endurance.

Along the empty, undefended beaches of Britain little groups of men carrying obsolete arms waited to kill or be killed.

And yet defeat was unthinkable.

London burned.

And yet we knew that fire could not destroy the iron determination

IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. A wounded R.A.F. man at a morning service during a national day of prayer in England. It is symbolic of the Empire's feelings in these solemn days.

of the nation to fight on—somehow, somewhere till victory was won.

Then the bank clerks and the baronets of Britain manned her Spitfires, filled the hush of doom with their triumphant gunfire, and fought the invading Luftwaffe out of the English skies.

And from that hour when

Churchill crystallised the British will to stand alone and undamaged against a world in arms, the whole nation has been working for the great day that has now come.

All through the defensive campaigns we had had to fight round the world, there has been the dominating thought of advantages to be gained for D Day.

Wherever we have gained ground, it has not been just a step forward. It has been as well an advance towards D Day.

Wherever a man died, he fell to help bring about the final reckoning that only D Day would preface.

Now it has come—the climax of all those terrible years of fighting against odds, of all those weary hours at bench and lathe, of all the personal sorrow and suffering of a long, long war.

No longer alone, but with half the world in arms beside us, our fighting men go out on this great crusade for freedom.

All of us share in the vigil and the prayers as we work and wait behind the lines of these crusaders in khaki and blue.

The mighty clash of battle cannot keep us from hearing in anticipation the trumpets of victory that will announce the blessed quiet of the peace to come.

## IN ENGLAND NOW—Resolution dominates the people's thoughts

Cabled by E. W. MACALPINE, our London editor

Throughout the night the continuous drone of bombers awoke the towns and villages of southern England.

Along main roads and in byways the rumble of seemingly endless convoys awoke the night echoes and in coastal areas the rhythmic tramp of feet brought the townsfolk from their beds to peer behind blackout curtains at the columns of marching shadows.

ALREADY familiar with the night-long drone of planes—both of the invading Luftwaffe and of their own avengers—already inured to the rumble of passing convoys, people yet sensed that dawn would bring D Day.

There was something in the persistence, in the co-ordination of these sounds from the streets and from the skies that branded the night's activity with the mark of destiny.

There was no elation in their hearts.

War, to these people of England who have lived in the front line for the four years since Dunkirk, is nothing to cheer about.

It's something to be faced, something to be seen through to the finish.

And this was the beginning of the finish.

In the morning those living by the

seaboard saw that ships—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, trawlers, freighters, and liners, great ships and little ones, and queer craft whose purposes could only be surmised—which had crowded their harbors, ports, and inlets were either gone or on the move, while overhead bombers and fighters continued to streak past.

Then they knew the long-awaited Second Front was launched.

They knew it with mingled feelings—relief that the long waiting was over, satisfaction that we were going back to the France from which we had been driven four years ago, and sorrow that the men who were going were going to war.

They went about their daily tasks with no outward sign of their emotions—except that they besieged news vendors at every opportunity, and crowded round wherever a radio could be heard.

The first real sign of what they had been feeling came when it was

known that the landings had been made with comparatively light losses.

There was almost a sigh of relief throughout the country, and strangers spoke to each other and exchanged rumors as they haven't done since the days of the blitz.

They again gazed skyward with the same look on their faces as they used to wear when the tiny R.A.F. was beating back the Luftwaffe despite terrific odds in the Battle of Britain.

It is a look almost of affection, or rather a blending of pride and confidence.

As the day wore on and news came that the German Air Force was notable only for its absence, that U-boats hadn't attempted to give the Navy battle, and that the much vaunted beach defences had been pierced, the satisfaction spread until it became almost complacency.

Nor is this surprising. Every man, woman, and child in Britain knew sooner or later we had to go back to the Continent.

It has been the be-all of existence, the thought behind all the effort and the sacrifice of these years.

In the air operations the R.A.A.F. was well represented in heavy, medium, and light bombers, in fighters and in glider-towing, and in aircraft carrying paratroops.

It was well-nigh impossible to go aboard one of His Majesty's ships without running into men of the R.A.N. or R.A.N.V.R.

Even with the Army, Australians

were represented by individual privates, N.C.O.'s, and, in one instance at least, a high-ranking officer.

"It would be impossible to throw a stone in any operation without hitting an Australian," one officer said to me.

At the moment of writing the battle is mounting in intensity, and the first wave of optimism which swept Britain is giving way to more sober judgment.

There is a stern struggle ahead, a desperate, bloody struggle, but the Allies are established ashore and are fighting their way inland.

They have gained a foothold. The final phase of the liberation of Europe from its long nightmare of totalitarian tyranny has begun.

### ★ CHILDREN'S KNITTING BOOK

A FINE 48-page knitting book for infants and children, published by The Australian Women's Weekly, is now on sale.

This beautifully illustrated book gives directions for knitting 39 woollies, including two, three, four, and five-piece sets for babies; outfits and dresses for little girls; pullovers for boys; sun and swim suits, socks, a fleecy blanket-wool coat for four to five-year-olds; a luxurious-looking pram cover, shawls, berets, hoods, baby harness, doll's dress, and hand-knit toys.

Our cover this week shows two of these designs—twin styles for toddlers. On page 21, six others are illustrated.

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Children can be bought from all newsagents and the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly for 1/-.

Get your copy now.



# Editorial

JUNE 17, 1944

## THE SECOND FRONT OPENS

THE Second Front has opened.

Along the coasts of Nazi-held Europe, the Allied Nations have launched the most important military operation of all time.

*It has suddenly dissipated the doubts and fears that have hovered during the many weary months of waiting.*

Even the staunchest hearts grew impatient at the delay.

Why not have the Second Front at once, people asked, instead of delaying from season to season?

The ordinary man read with enthusiasm about the Russians' gigantic offensive, which rolled the Germans gradually back, and almost out of the Soviet Union.

He read of the soldiers and airmen, the mighty machines of war, that crowded the British Isles.

As compared with the solid realities of Russia, the grand amphibian attack on the European fortress remained a matter of hope and theory.

But the preparation of the new campaign has been a task so colossal that few people could really imagine it.

*Every detail had to be synchronised and rehearsed to the last degree.*

The Allies could not afford to fail.

Yet, mixed with the exultation that everybody feels at the opening of the great offensive, there will be great heart-sickness.

For young lives must be prodigally spent.

But there will also be great deeds of valor, which will resound through history.

*Behind these deeds lie the beliefs, the ideals, and the high courage of the civilised world, locked in battle with barbarism.*

—THE EDITOR.

# Lucky escape in New Guinea flood ...

## Tents awash and bridge smashed as waters rise

Flood waters sweeping down on his hut and washing away a nearly completed bridge are described this week by a sapper in New Guinea.

In a letter to his wife at Glen Huon, Tasmania, Sapper F. Woolley tells ruefully of the danger and the damage caused by the flood, and the frantic attempts to save precious personal belongings.

**A**BOUT 11.30 we realised there was a big flood coming down the river. I poked my head out of the net, and the water was running straight through our hut, which hasn't any ends.

"I had my boots on a box off the ground, and when I looked out they were just floating away. I managed to grab one pair, but the best pair went.

"I also lost my fountain-pen, but am luckier than some of the boys, as they lost everything. It was amusing to see everyone scraping after their belongings.

"We got out on to a bank and stood there in the pouring rain for a couple of hours.

"My bed is three feet off the ground, and the water was over that.

"When I jumped out of bed there were logs going down through the huts. We were lucky to escape with our lives.

"One river cut another course, about 200 yards away; if it hadn't we had no chance of getting out.

"It has made a lot more work for us, as we had a bridge nearly completed and it was washed away like match-wood.

"It wasn't too good, I can tell you, groping about in water with wood dashing past.

"If it had kept up a bit longer the big river would have shot over at the back of us, and we wouldn't have had a chance. There were about four feet of water coming down the road as it was.

"The camps below us had some anxious moments, as the two rivers met before the flood got to them.

"We have had to work late at night to throw a temporary bridge across to get rations through."

Cpl. T. G. Hayes, somewhere in New Guinea, to friends in Thornbury, Vic. Sent in by Mrs. B. Worland, State Savings Bank, Thornbury:

"We have been whiling away the evenings here with an old pack of cards, playing poker. We have used them so often that they are now badly defaced.

"Yesterday I saw a Y.M.C.A. car, and, as a forlorn hope, asked the officer for a pack of cards. Imagine my surprise when he gave me a brand-new pack. At night when we sat down to our usual game I placed the new cards on the table.

"By the congratulations I received you would imagine I had won a decoration. Now all sorts of rules have been made for the protection of the cards.

"There was still another surprise in store for me. When dealt my first ace there, starting out from it, was: Presented by S.S. Bank, Thornbury, my home town. I was most delighted."

Bdr. H. V. Schofield, in Dutch New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. E. Schofield, 84 Palace Street, Petersham, N.S.W.:

"We have a few snakes up here to keep us happy. There's one up a tree, just a short distance from our tent. He's been up there days now, but he'll have to come down soon, as there is nothing to eat up there.

"We have some good friends in



ICE SKATING provides recreation for these R.A.A.F. trainees in Canada. This snapshot of the boys on their skates was sent in by Mrs. W. J. Noon, Gordon Street, Gladstone, Qld., whose son, Francis E. Noon, is shown in the centre, standing.

and around our tent. Small lizards about two and a half inches long. Yes, they are our true friends. I wouldn't hurt one for anything.

"Some of them are so tame they'll eat out of our hands.

"The reason we treat them so kindly is that they catch mosquitos! You'd be surprised to see how high they jump to catch a mosquito.

"It's a bad idea to feed them, as they get lazy, and go to sleep instead of catching mosquitos. They are not the slippery, wriggling things they used to be in my mind.

"I think nothing of carrying one round under my turned-down collar or in my shirt pocket, or wherever he likes to get."

Pilot-Officer Eric Johnson, R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Johnson, Blyth Farm, Grace-mere, via Rockhampton, Qld.:

"I WAS out to dinner last night, and had a splendid evening with a Captain Churchill, who is a cousin of Winston Churchill.

"He is a gentleman farmer about ten miles from my station here.

"His home is a marvellous place, with about ninety rooms and a picture gallery.

"I had the best pint of apple cider at dinner that I have ever had."

ALL-AUSTRALIAN CREW. These four Air Force boys were photographed in Canada before leaving for England. Left to right: W.A.G. Sgt. J. A. White; pilot, Capt. P. H. Nissen; observer, Sgt. A. L. Siddons; and W.A.G. Sgt. P. M. Gunn. Photo sent in by Miss J. E. Murlow, Lithgow, N.S.W., fiancée of Sgt. White, who is son of Sgt. and Mrs. E. White, of Wagga, N.S.W.

## What's on your mind?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY invites its readers to write letters to the Editor expressing their opinions on current events.

There has never been a time when the average citizen had more on his mind than now.

The world as we know it is breaking up. A new world must be built on a new foundation of justice and freedom.

Every day something big is happening and a torrent of talk about it sounds on all sides.

Your views can contribute to public discussion of all such happenings if you write what you think to our new correspondence column: "What's on Your Mind?"

Letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, should be addressed to "What's on Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given on the top of Page 9.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

The first selection of readers' letters will be published in our issue dated July 8.

Sig. H. P. Mulligan, somewhere in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. H. Mulligan, Ashfield, N.S.W.:

"NATIVE men wear an armband, known as a 'gar-na,' above the elbow, and some have as many as a dozen on one arm. They also wear them just below their knees. Women don't seem to wear ornaments at all.

"It is very funny to see a native man and his wife travelling along. The woman is loaded up with everything but the kitchen sink, and the man just carries a stick.

"It is an old tradition, I believe, the man guarding his wife from invading tribes.

"It is a good idea for the man, as the women carry tremendous loads.

"Their young nippers hang on their backs like koala bears, and above, resting on the woman's bare back, is a bundle of wood weighing about fifty pounds. The wood is tied in bundles with a vine, and forms a loop which passes around the woman's head, and rests on her forehead. Tough women, eh?

"The wood here doesn't burn very well, but makes a lot of smoke.

"One night, travelling in a canoe, where there is always a fire for cooking, another chap and I asked the cook boy to make a cup of tea. The amount of smoke that issued from that canoe would have done credit

to the 'Queen Mary.' By the time the tea arrived I was just about on the verge of jumping overboard."

Sgt. E. M. Conneely, in Northern Australia, to his wife at 12 Minter Street, Canterbury, N.S.W.:

"DECIDED to have a quiet afternoon by going to watch a football match; a challenge between two of our companies.

"Before the match started bamboo rods were erected for the goal-posts.

"After this an iron girder was tied to the back of a truck, and four hefty chaps stood on it while it was dragged round the ground so as to knock the long grass down.

"One team was three men short, so Ray and I were persuaded to play for them.

"I started off wearing my shorts and a single coat, but soon discarded the coat. It was very hot playing, and as most players had no jumper on it was hard to tell who were your opponents and who were your own men.

"Once I was about to tackle a chap but was saved the trouble, as one of his team mates stood him on his head, thinking him to be on my side.

"I thoroughly enjoyed the game, although am feeling very stiff, and have a few pieces of skin missing. It was easy to pick out the footballers the next day by their limps round the parade ground."

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services with interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



## Animal Antics



"Clear out, or I'll have you arrested as a Peeping Tom."

## Happiness Club does good work

The 2GB Happiness Club, which now has 19,000 members, raised nearly £8300 last year for patriotic and charity funds.

**M**OTTO of this successful radio organisation, of which the president is Mrs. W. J. Stelzer, is "Others First."

The 60 branches of the club are all tireless in the organisation of social entertainments and collections for patriotic and charitable purposes.

The Australian Comforts Fund and many other organisations have received donations. Members send parcels and letters to members of the Fighting Services, and have knitted thousands of garments.

The club has given to the Army two motor ambulances valued at £500 each, a mobile cooker valued at £600, and seven mobile electrically heated food trolleys.

These trolleys, for use in military hospitals and convalescent camps, were the first of their kind to be presented to the Army, and cost £87/10/- each.

Last week, when Lady Gowrie paid a farewell visit to the Macquarie Auditorium, three cheques were handed to her for the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, and the King George V Memorial Hospital.

In her session on 2GB every Monday to Friday, from 11.45 a.m. to noon, Mrs. Stelzer explains the aims of the Happiness Club, and invites listeners to join the organisation and give their assistance to its many worthy causes.

The more members and branches of the Happiness Club, she says, the fewer sick, sad, poor, and lonely people there will be.

Members say that the satisfaction of doing something for others brings its own reward.

Booklets setting out all details of the 2GB Happiness Club are being printed, and will later be available from Mrs. Stelzer, at 2GB.

In recognition of her splendid work as club president, Mrs. Stelzer has been made a life governor of Canterbury District Memorial Hospital, and of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 16: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 15 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades".

FRIDAY, June 16: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody".

SATURDAY, June 17: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition".

SUNDAY, June 18 (4.15 to 5.30): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music".

MONDAY, June 19: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys".

TUESDAY, June 20: "Musical Alphabet".



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are mixed up in the wrestling game because **SHARPY:** A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract, and gets Mr. Joe, a fight promoter, to sign Lothar and the Champ for an important match. Meanwhile,

**NAILS:** A gangster, kidnaps Lothar, bets Sharpy ten thousand he won't fight. The crowd is at the stadium, Mandrake and Princess Narda are worried. Nails threatens to collect his money. But Lothar has escaped, and despite an injured shoulder is on his way. NOW READ ON:



NO SIGN OF LOTHAR YET, SHARPY?

NO--I'VE GIVEN UP. I'M RUINED. I'M THROUGH.

HO HO, THE GREAT JUNGLE KING--WENT BACK TO THE JUNGLE, EH? AFRAID TO FIGHT ME, NO?

HE AFRAID I BREAK HIM IN TWO, HO HO--

RIGHT, CHAMP, YOU GOT THE INDIAN SIGN ON HIM!



YOU BIG--LUMMOX! LOTHAR'S NOT AFRAID OF YOU, HE'S NOT AFRAID OF SIX LIKE YOU!

THAT WON'T HELP THINGS, NARDA.

I DON'T CARE! I WON'T HAVE THEM SAYING SUCH THINGS ABOUT LOTHAR!



ME HERE.

LOTHAR! WHERE IN BLAZES HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE DUE IN THE RING RIGHT NOW!

SOME BAD FELLAS KIDNAP ME, MR. SHARPY.

KIDNAPPED, THAT'S A HOT ONE!

AN' HE CAN SAY IT WITHOUT CRACKING A SMILE!



IT TRUE! THEM FELLAS HURT MY ARM.

NEVER MIND THE YARN, LOTHAR. YOU GAVE ME HEART-FAILURE.

DON'T NOBODY BELIEVE ME?

I'M GONNA COLLECT THAT TEN THOUSAND FROM SHARPY! I BET HIM THAT LOTHAR WOULDN'T SHOW UP FOR THE FIGHT.



MY BOYS GOT LOTHAR TIED UP IN THE SHACK. THEY'LL LET HIM GO TOMORROW. NOBODY'LL BELIEVE HIS STORY ABOUT BEIN' KIDNAPPED--

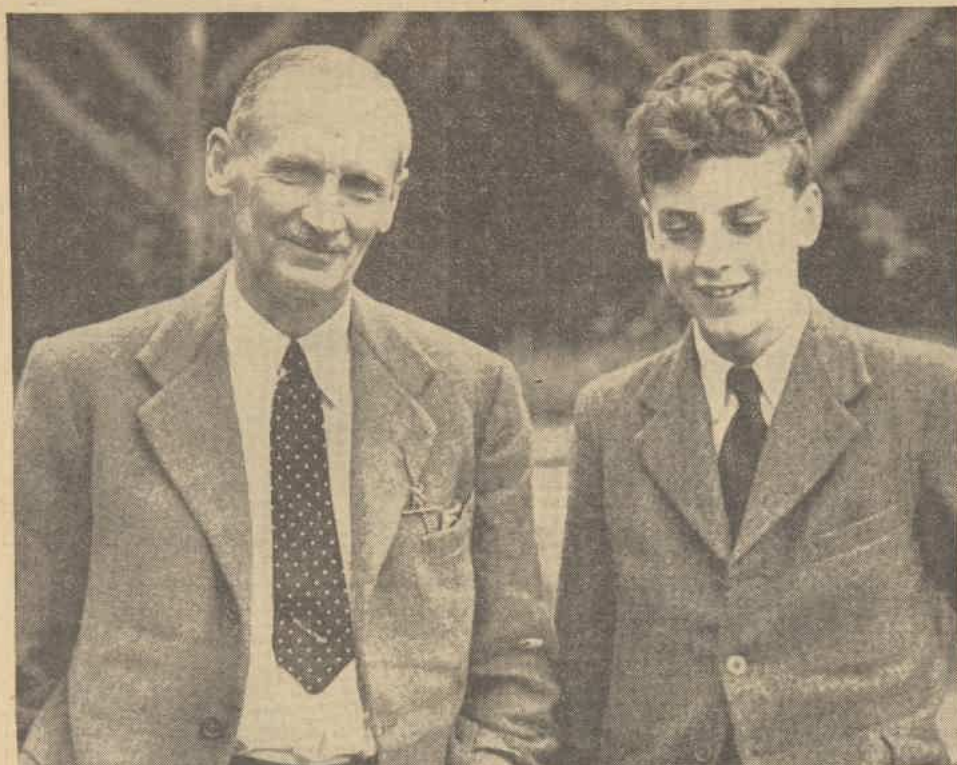
NO--IT CAN'T BE--!

LOCKERS

TO BE CONTINUED--



# "MONTY"... Commands British armies



**SCHOOLBOY SON.** General Montgomery's son David is 15 years of age. He goes to school at Amesbury, England.



**DYNAMIC,** brilliant General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander of British Group of Armies. He is deeply religious, reads Bible every day.



**MOTHER OF MONTY.** General Montgomery's mother is the widow of a Bishop of Tasmania. He was born in Hobart.



**AT MEAL** on special train which was provided in England for the general to visit troops.



**KISS FROM THE VICTOR.** General Montgomery returns the kiss of a girl at Sousse, Tunisia, when the Eighth Army completed its victorious drive in North Africa.



# "IKE" EISENHOWER . . . Allied invasion leader



**AT TWO.** Eisenhower is at lower right of this family group with three of his five brothers.



**AS FOOTBALLER.** In his teens, Ike (end right, centre row) played high-school football.



**HONEYMOON.** In 1915 he married Mamie Doud, of Denver.



**IN 1918.** Eisenhower, at 28, was Lt.-Colonel of noted ability.



**GENERAL DWIGHT D. ("IKE") EISENHOWER,** invasion chief, 53, was born in Kansas, U.S.A.



**FAMILY REUNION** in Kansas in 1926. The General's mother, now 81, is only person who calls him Dwight.



**WIFE IN UNIFORM.** Mrs. Eisenhower, photographed in uniform of American Women's Voluntary Service.



**SON.** John S. D. Eisenhower (second from left) is at West Point, following in his father's footsteps.



**DOUGHNUTS IN LONDON.** General Eisenhower at opening of a club for U.S. Forces.



**RATIONS IN FIELD.** General lunching from Army mess-kit during invasion of Sicily.

—Photos U.S. Office of War Information.



## Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 4

## Film Reviews

### ★★★ CASABLANCA

**WARNER'S** Academy Award winner is packed with high adventure and excitement to provide a background for the Humphrey Bogart-Ingrid Bergman romance. Bogart is superb as the cynical operator of a club. Ingrid Bergman gives a flawless performance, matched by Paul Henreid in a made-to-order role.

The supporting cast includes Sydney Greenstreet, Conrad Veidt, and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz' direction is brilliant.—Tattler; showing.

### ★★★ PRESENTING LILY MARS

**THIS** frothy Cinderella tale presents nothing that is new. However, Judy Garland's effervescent personality and Van Heflin's irresistible appeal manage to make this show an enjoyable escapade. The orchestras of Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby are poorly handled.—St. James; showing.

### ★★★ CRAZY HOUSE

**IF** you are seeking madcap fun this is your show.

The story provides the flimsiest framework for those dizzy comedians, Olsen and Johnson, and a lavish sprinkling of top entertainers. Count Basie and the Lightnin' Noble bands capably handle the music.—State; showing.

### ★ CHARLEY'S AUNT

**IN** spite of Archie Mayo's expert direction and a competent cast, this farce is badly dated.

Jack Benny is effective in the title role, and many of the situations are frankly funny—but so familiar.—Empire; showing.

### ★ I DOOD IT

**MGM** have collected enough top-line entertainers to make this musical sparkling fare, but the story and continuity slip up badly.

Red Skelton has poor material, but Eleanor Powell's dancing, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, Lena Horne's singing, and Hazel Scott's keyboard wings are all up to standard.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

### AROUND THE WORLD

**THIS** show has a few bright moments, but for me any assets were far outweighed by the unimpressive showing-off of band leader Ray Khyer.

Joan Davis, Mischa Auer, and Marcy McGuire, a bright newcomer, do well.—Civic; showing.

his side with a little commanding jerk of his head. She went across obediently and sat beside him on the long piano seat.

"You sing?" he said.  
"I haven't," she said in dismay, reading the intention in his eyes. "Not since I left school."  
"Of course you do," he said imperiously. "I can see you do from the shape of your face and throat. I should say you're a contralto. But, let's see."

His hands hovered about the keys, as though searching for some melody, then suddenly he began to sing in his own accompaniment, his dark eyes fixed upon her with an adoring challenge.  
"Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine—"  
Roma and Boris moved over smiling, and in a moment the Polish sergeant's deep baritone and Roma's light soprano took the melody from Andy's tentative voice. Kay, encouraged, challenged and amused, found herself joining in the second verse.

"This is lovely, Kay thought. This is one of the things I haven't done—singing, like this, for no reason at all, except that it's fun to try."  
The voices came to a harmonious and triumphant conclusion, Andy and Kay looked at each other, laughing a little.

There was something exciting and exhilarating in that moment—though an hour had been recaptured from the girlhood that she had missed.

There was a knock on the door, and Miss Anna rose and waddled across impatiently.

"Is Corporal Kay Harding here? I was told I might find her—"  
Kay went white. The warm flood of spontaneous enjoyment from it was Martin's voice.

To be continued

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**T**HE hall was very crowded and the band was amateur and over-enthusiastic. The two girls left their caps, and stood for a moment against the wall, watching the crowd dance by them, watching the stream of faces passing, occasionally acknowledging someone they knew.

Kay saw a flying-officer she knew take his hand and grin and begin to edge across the packed floor toward her. A tall, white-faced, dark, and extraordinarily handsome man appeared at Roma's side, clicked his heels, and bowed over her hand. She heard Roma say politely: "Hello there, sour-puss," and noticed his startled smile before they were lost in the crowd of dancers.

The flying-officer gave up the struggle and stood on the opposite side of the room making comical gestures of despair. She smiled, and shook her head. Close to her a voice said, stirring swift, poignant memories with its soft, West Country burr: "I had a feeling, somewhere in my bones, that I'd meet you again."

She felt herself go white, and for a moment dared not turn, then, smiling brilliantly, she looked up into the brown, faun's face, the amber bright, mocking eyes, the smiling, sensitive mouth.

"And how is Aunt Ermentrude?" she said lightly.

He had not altered a little bit. They might never have moved from the bar at the Anderson Theatre. She could see him standing there, quizzing her casually, seeing through her badly concealed attempts to make him say he disliked Magda Joubert. She could feel the shock of misery her own heart had held, and which she had tried, so unsuccessfully these past months, to put behind her.

She tried to find something different about him, to shake off the sense of having done this before—of turning to him, this charming, faintly satirical stranger, when she had reached a limit of endurance. "Aunt Ermentrude?" he scowled with the effort of remembering.

"Surely you remember," she said maliciously. "You were with your Aunt Ermentrude at the theatre." He caught the glint in her eye, and grinned without a trace of embarrassment. "Oh, yes, Aunt Ermentrude. Bless her old heart—how she enjoyed the show."

Kay laughed at him, her dark eyes sparkling with swift animation—she felt Aunt Ermentrude was a creation of theirs, whom they could not let sink into oblivion. The evening suddenly lost its unhappy, unsettled yearning.

"You've almost got me believing in her," she said. "But anyhow, I saw her. She was very attractive—how nice for you to have such a lovely aunt. She certainly doesn't look her years."

He said quickly: "Put me out of my misery. Does it matter in the least, little bit to you whom I was with that night?"

"Not a scrap," she said quickly—perhaps too quickly, for in an absurd way it did matter, and she would have liked to know who his companion had been. He knew she wanted to know—he knew at once. He was not in the least self-absorbed. He was vividly and sensitively aware of other people. She felt a little angry, knowing that if she had said yes, he would have told her.

As it was, he said mischievously, "In that case I won't tell you. Would you care to dance?"

They moved out on to the packed floor.

Personnel from the camp, land girls, factory girls, shop girls, local tradespeople, people from farms and shops, soldiers from searchlight posts, Home Guards—everyone who could get to the dance was there. The floor was bumpy, the band played the same time for every number, most of the instruments wandering a little at their own sweet will. It was very, very hot.

Kay was flushed, and stray tendrils of hair escaped from her severe and shining upswept set,

showing an unruly tendency to curl on her forehead and neck in frivolous, babyish rings. Her partner looked excessively pained, although as far as space would permit they moved together beautifully in grace and unity.

"Hey, I can't stand this noise any longer. It's worse than concentrated flak. Why do airmen do this sort of thing when off duty? Let's get out of here."

They found their caps and went out. The moon was a poem of beauty, throwing triangular shadows of house gables and lacy shadows of budding leaves on the roadway before them.

He said slowly: "When I last saw you it was in the moonlight—I could see you as plainly as I can now. When we came out of the theatre you were looking for a taxi. I tried to reach you, but the crowd was too thick. I couldn't get to you quickly enough. You had gone."

She had a sudden vision of herself leaving the theatre that night, tearing herself away after Martin's casual dismissal.

She could see herself in that terrified, lost, distraught mood, could feel again the tears that had choked her, the sheer weight of misery that had crushed her in the nightmare ride home alone.

He went on: "I thought you—needed to be with friends—that night."

**S**HE said slowly, "I don't know why I should tell you. I'd come to the end of my life as it was. To the end of an illusion, if you like. I didn't quite know where I was going from there."  
"And you came here?"  
"Yes, by degrees."  
"And how do you find it?"  
"At first," she said, "it was one long—"

"Bind," he said, supplying the familiar word. "I know. I appreciate that word to the full."

"Yes, but now—on special duty—it's different. So much depends on you. It's an even more triumphant feeling than a successful first night when you know a crate that has been damaged, or has been flying through foul weather, is safely home—you feel that you've done something, however small, to get it there."

"Yes—I know. I was out last night."

"Oh? On the big show?"

"Yes. We came home like a winged duck."

"That makes it even more worth while."

She looked up at him and he could see the swift emotion in her eyes. "I mean, I've known lots of other fellows, but you're the only person who knew me before—as I really am, even if it was only for a few minutes."

"A friend?"

"We couldn't know yet."

"You're abominably cautious."

"One learns to be," she said lightly.

"Do you know—apart from one of the girls here, I have never had a friend since I left school. I've always been too—"  
"She stopped, thinking of Martin, thinking of those years when every minute of her day belonged to him, and there was no room for anyone else. "Too busy," I suppose," she finished.

"Friends," he said persistently, "usually know each other's names."

"Mine is Kay, Kay Harding."

"Mine is Andrew Mayne, Andy to my friends."

She said incredulously, "Not Andrew Mayne, the composer?"

He bowed formally, his even teeth glinting mischievously. "We all look so undistinguished in uniform. If you'd seen me in my civilian clothes you'd have said joyously, 'There goes a genius!'"

"I know your work awfully well. Why, you did the moonlight number which Magda Joubert sang in Martin's show."

"Yes—and now you know why I disliked it. It was written at home in Devon, on a night like this, only high summer. Hot, breathless—white moonlight. Even the masses of buttercups were drifts of silver blossom. She made it sound like any dirty scrap you might hear in a Paris back street."

Kay did not answer. He went on angrily: "You know what she's done to the show? I went on my last leave to hear how the song was going. It's just the sort of leg-show that fellows go to on their own now. In fact, it's getting quite a name round town."

**THE Quiz Kids RELAX**



Just five normal healthy children... the "Quiz Kids" take an interest in outdoor life.

**8 P.M. FRIDAYS 2GB**

**Guest Compere: JACK DAVEY**

**"Australia Sings"**



A Melbourne production... Jack Davey introduces Victorian vocal talent

**SUNDAY 7-25 p.m. 2GB**



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS time of the year is generally favorable to Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, and to many Arians and Leonians.

The daily influences of the week are exceptionally helpful to these groups also, and good use should be made of opportunities.

June 15, 16, 17 (early), 19, and 20 can all prove above average for people in the groups mentioned, but June 13, 14, and 17 (late) may bring confusion.

Virgoans, Pisceans, and Sagittarians should live quietly and wisely at present.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): June 18 (dawn to sunset) and June 19 (to dusk) may produce unexpected gains and happiness. June 19 (to 2 p.m.) and June 20 (sunset to dusk) every hour wisely.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Unfavorable days for many Taurians, yet June 15 (to 2 p.m.), June 16 (to dusk), June 17 (midday), and June 20 all helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Keep busy seeking desired goals and happiness, for fortune favors you strongly this week, especially on June 15, 16, 19, and 20.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Some good weeks ahead, so compromise affairs now, and plan ahead. But do not take decisive action yet. Meanwhile, from June 13 to early on June 16 mildly difficult.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): A week of possibilities for wise and diligent Leonians, but avoid rashness and aggression. June 15, 16, 19, and 20 good.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Be cautious if you would avoid discord, delays, obstacles, and worries, especially on June 13 and 14 (both very disruptive), June 17, 18, 19, and 20.

**LIONA** (September 21 to October 21): Keep busy on June 20, for success can result from enterprise at this time. Thereafter live quietly for some weeks.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Unpropitious days, though small annoyances can abound, especially on June 17. Routine advised, but plan for good weeks ahead.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Beware pitfalls of all kinds through impulsive actions. Losses, partings, enforced changes, discord through tactlessness, can precipitate, especially on June 13 and 14 (very difficult), and from June 17 to 20.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Unfavorable week for most Capricornians, though June 16 (evening) fair. Avoid important changes now.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): Big success, happiness, changes, and opportunities can occur this week, or result from new ventures set in motion now. Keep busy. June 15 and 16 (to 2 p.m.) exceptionally good. June 17 and 18 poor. June 19 (to midday) and June 20 excellent.

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): Be guarded in all matters, for you can be your own worst enemy just now; yet trouble is avoidable. June 12 and 14 (both) out and destructive. June 17 poor. June 18 (forenoon) poor. June 19 and 20 deceptive. Better weeks follow, so plan ahead.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I don't think you love me any more. Here I have a brand-new overalls, and you haven't said a word about them."

## Fashion Frock Service

"CLARICE"  
Lovely slip  
in satin



Fashioned from a beautiful lingerie satin in pastel tonings of pink or blue, also white, is this cleverly cut slip, designed for figure flattery. The style shows an uplift bustline gathered at centre front, shaped panel front, and straight sides.

**Cut Out Only** (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 18/6 (8 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 19/11 (8 coupons). Plus 9d. postage.

**Ready To Wear:** 32 and 34-inch bust, 24/11 (8 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 26/6 (8 coupons). Plus 9d. postage.

To obtain "CLARICE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.

## Fashion PATTERNS

F3197.—Very attractive, well-cut suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide, or 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F333.—Dainty, practical little slip and panties for the 1 to 6 year-olds. Requires 1½yds. for panties, 1½yds. for slip, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F333



F3197



F2117

F2117.—Beautiful but easy-to-make dressing gown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## Needlework Notions

### SLIM-FITTING SLIP

This ready to cut and make slip comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on hard-wearing and soft rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pastel pink, blue, also white. Note braisiere top and panel skirt. An attractive embroidery motif is traced on centre front. When worked this will add a pretty finish to the slip. Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 18/11 (8 coupons). Plus 6d. postage. Sizes 36 and 38-40 inch bust, 19/11 (8 coupons). Plus 6d. postage. Please ask for No. 481.

481



### WARM COAT AND BONNET FOR GIRL

Traced clearly on a woollen material in herringbone design and in dainty shades of pink, blue, or natural, comes this dainty and warm little outfit all ready to cut out, stitch together, and embroider.

The coat is made on Princess lines with front panel, two pockets, embroidered, and long warm sleeves. The bonnet fits on the back of the head with a trim to frame the face. This also features embroidery. Complete set: Size 2 in 4 years, 29/12 (7 coupons); 4 in 8 years, 16/31 (7 coupons). Plus 9d. postage. Please ask for No. 482.

482



F1787.—Another version of the smart, popular contrast suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide, for skirt, 1½yds. 54in. wide, for jacket. Pattern, 1/7.

F3293



F3293.—Beautifully cut frock for the matron. Note slenderizing effect of panels. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1787

F6763.—Ultra-smart frock for very special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6763



**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered, by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamp and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.







## Boom in costume films...



### Movie World

● Linda Darnell's demure prettiness is ideally suited to the quaint old-fashioned costumes she wears in United Artists' "It Happened Tomorrow," in which she co-stars with Dick Powell. (Top left.)

● Screen newcomer Michael O'Shea plays opposite Susan Hayward in United Artists' "Jack London," which relates the exciting life story of the famous author. (Above.)

● Exotic Lynn Bari was selected to play the Peruvian dancer in United Artists' film version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Akim Tamiroff and Francis Lederer are with her. (Extreme left.)

● Rita Hayworth as she appears in a scene from Columbia's lavish technicolor musical, "Cover Girl." Included in the cast are dancer Gene Kelly and fifteen famous magazine cover girls. (Left.)

## YOUR MONEY AND HIS FATHER'S COURAGE WILL WIN VICTORY!

Buy all you can of War Savings Stamps and Certificates



LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action and are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing Mothers. LAXETTES, the laxative that kiddies like,

Inserted by the Manufacturers of

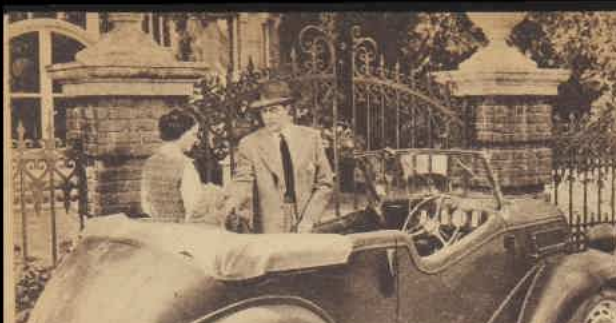
# LAXETTES

have no underlying taste of medicine and can be given at any time a laxative is required. The ideal time, however, to give LAXETTES, is just before the kiddies go to bed.

The Gentle and Effective  
LAXATIVE for CHILDREN







**1 DESPITE** warning from gossips, Rick (Ray Milland) and sister Pam (Ruth Hussey) buy haunted house from Commander Beech.



**2 BECAUSE** her mother was killed there, Stella (Gail Russell) tells grandfather Beech (Donald Crisp) she is opposed to sale.



**3 ON THEIR FIRST NIGHT** at the house, weird and mysterious incidents occur to terrify the new tenants and elderly Irish servant.

## Drama in haunted house



**4 WHEN STELLA VISITS THEM** the eerie procedure is repeated, and when she becomes ill and falls into a trance, Rick calls in Doctor Scott (Alan Napier).



**5 STELLA IS SENT** to an asylum, but when Rick and Pam visit her they discover nurse (Cornelia Otis Skinner) has deliberately sent Stella back to haunted house.



**6 THEY RETURN** just in time to prevent the terrified Stella flinging herself over the cliffs, and doctor, Rick, and Pam together solve puzzle of the haunted house and are able to remove the fears from Stella's mind.



**Turn it DOWN, Lady!**

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## THE UNINVITED

**T**YPHOONS, earthquakes, and bombings are items that the men of the Special Effects Department at Paramount studio take in their stride, but Lewis Allen, directing "The Uninvited," had them nearly stumped for an hour or two. On the call-board was scrawled "Two ghosts, nearly invisible."

The experts put their heads together and produced the required ghosts before noon. The hard job was to make the ghosts just barely visible. Liquid air, some tinted blue, some rose, was sprayed about the room, and finally did the trick.

To find a cat allergic to ghosts was another problem. Finally they discovered Whiskey, an ex-alley pirate, who has risen to high rank in horror films. At the mere glimpse of a ghost, Whiskey fluffs up his tail and utters a blood-curdling yowl.

Black-haired, blue-eyed Gail Russell, an attractive newcomer, does well as the romantic lead with Ray Milland.

Except for a brief appearance in "Stage Door Canteen," Cornelia Otis Skinner has her first role in films since years ago, in the silent days, she acted with her father, Otis Skinner, in "Kismet."

The mystery of the haunted house, which is the setting of "The Uninvited," is never quite explained. In the end, Ray Milland confronts the uninvited spirit and defies it to ever again harm Gail Russell. The sobbing spirit proves to be that of Gail's gipsy mother seeking to protect her child from evil influences.

\*\*\*\*\*

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LIPSTICKS-ROUGE-FACE POWDER

### THE CAPTAIN THINKS...

I COULD GO FOR PAT-IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT BLOTCHY COMPLEXION.

Romance sails away from the girl with skin faults—banish them with

**Rexona** MEDICATED SOAP

I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU TONIGHT PAT, YOU'RE SO LOVELY.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR THOSE WORDS FROM TOM-REXONA'S MADE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO MY SKIN.

"HOW did Pat change so quickly?" he thinks. That carefree, satiny skin comes from Rexona Soap. Its creamy-soft, medicated lather wakes up tired complexions... helps the pores throw off their poisons. No other soap contains all Rexona's medications. Why don't you try it? You'll love its delicate fragrance and those medicaments will keep your complexion ever fresh and youthful.



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS GAOIL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising: Oil of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Boron Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments.

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## A lovely quartet for important evenings



● A slender, figure-hugging frock designed in finest wool, the color of jacaranda blossoms. Effective simplicity is the keynote and a couple of diamond clips the only trimming. Pink gloves and an absurd little hat of pink and mauve feathers make the ensemble ultra-feminine

● This deep, rusty-red wool jersey frock is a joy for the business-girl who goes straight from the office to a dinner date. By day wear it with a trim matching belt, and transform it later with an elaborate jewelled cummerbund, and a matching fabric snood.

● Proud of your figure? Then enhance its charms with this cunningly cut frock of olive-green wool. The graceful lines make a perfect background for the garnishing of pert bows. Dramatise it with a matching cap and cinnamon-brown accessories.

● For his first "on leave" party present a picture of loveliness in pastel blue, with cleverly draped sleeves and skirt. The miraculously flattering heart-shaped neckline is edged with black lace and finished with two huge pink roses. With it a tiny blue bonnet with a touch of veiling.





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### THE CAMPBELL EYE TREATMENT

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## A TELEPHONE

linesman, coming up from the Neck belatedly, saw the station wagon turning into the Earley lane about half-past six, and furthermore saw a passenger on the driver's seat with Naylor. Tom Brett.

Thus, at four that afternoon, with Tom Brett wildly protesting his innocence of any wrongdoing, Nick drove down to the Earley house.

"You know," Nick said to Alf, "that Dallas Naylor stopped here for a drink at half-past six yesterday. Thirty or forty minutes before he was killed—murdered."

"I don't know."

"All I want to know is what time Naylor left your house yesterday, Alf, and if Brett went with him."

"I don't know when he left here," Alf said.

Nick smiled tolerantly. He glanced at Brett. Brett said, "Alf said he hadda go look after his cow. He went out before Naylor an' me finished our drink. Naylor said for Alf to bring a gallon down to his place to-morrow—that'd be to-day. Alf knows he was watchin' us from the barn. He always watched. He—"

The skidding car coming to a

## Murder Makes a Bid

Continued from page 5

stop in the yard sent up a cloud of dust. Alf glared through the doorway, went to it. Nick and Tom Brett followed.

"See you got company, Alf. Just fine. Maybe you'll all come along," the sheriff called.

"What's happened, Henry?" Nick asked.

"Just made an arrest in the murder of Dallas Naylor. Took in Bert Solters. Alf, you an' Tom Brett come along. Maybe puttin' two an' two together—"

Bert Solters was a prominent citizen outraged. The sweat rolled from his full face. He was in a soundproof room where a couple of deputies stood over him. Tate arranged William Cooksie, Tom Brett, Alf Earley all in front of him. Nick stood by the door.

"The man's crazy," Solters cried. He turned to Nick. "You're a lawyer. Can't you do somethin' about it? I'll give you anything I got if you—"

"All right," Nick said.

"Hey," Henry Tate shouted. "You can't do this, Nick! He's got to talk—"

"I'll talk for him," Nick said. "I'll take some of the blame. You see, Henry, Solters is right. He didn't kill Naylor. He didn't shove the station wagon through the rail."

"But you yourself," Henry bawled, "said—you yourself told me—"

"It was just a theory," Nick said. "I found out this morning when I looked at the rear bumper and tyres on the wreck that it didn't happen that way."

"But William says he heard a motor, an' you yourself said it bein' downhill—"

"That's what threw me off," Nick said. "William lied."

"How's that again?" Tate demanded, reddening.

"William killed Naylor," Nick said. "He murdered Morris Tolbut first. He wanted that fortune that Tolbut had buried. He somehow knew that Naylor—"

"I told you the truth," William screamed, making for the door.

Nick grabbed his arm. "Your simple little lie tripped you," he said. "About hearing a motor from where

you said you came out of the woods."

"But I did hear—"

"The only motor you heard was Naylor's engine when you started it up and put it in gear and let it run through the rail. After you'd killed Naylor and taken what loot you knew he had in that bunch of stuff he bought at the sale. You figured it would look like an accident—the car'd gone through the rail naturally. Your story would be in case anybody came along before you were able to get away from the wreck—your story would be that you heard the crash. You forgot that you wouldn't have been able to hear the motor of a swiftly running car, in high gear, rolling down a hill. Now tell us the truth."

The truth came out jerkily, between sobs. He worked for Mr. Tolbut and heard tales of his money. One night, watching through a window, he saw Tolbut go with money to a closet containing boxes and a carved chest. Then he saw Naylor watching, too.

One Friday night, when Tolbut was away, he sneaked in started searching the boxes. But Tolbut came back, saw him, and snatched up a gun. He lost his head, struck Tolbut unmercifully, then took him out in his boat and dumped him in the river, wading back afterwards. Then he was scared to go back to the house, but at the sale, when he saw Naylor bidding on everything out of the closet, he guessed he was after the money.

"So you waylaid Naylor," Nick said, "and maybe tried to do a little blackmailing."

"No!" William shouted. "I—well, he'd—had a couple drinks—Naylor did. I said I wanted to talk to him—about—that little chest. He turned in his seat an' said I killed Tolbut to get that chest. Just like he knew I done it. Just like—well—I went crazy. I had a stick I hit 'im with. Then I banged his head against the windshield an' knocked him out—an' got the chest an' opened it—"

"And what?" Tate demanded.

"I dropped it on the road an'—the lid—come in—two. A lid inside

## So Much Happiness

Continued from page 7

No woman could live under such a strain for long," she said practically. "It would be like living on the edge of a precipice, with the full knowledge that one day she would go hurtling over. Susan—what is it?" She went to Susan swiftly, putting a hand on the slender shoulder. "Child, you scared me! You were staring ahead as if you saw something—terrible—"

In the kitchen Susan hung on to the edge of the table, whilst nausea shook her. Mrs. Jacobs was right—horribly right; nobody could keep it up.

Tom found her there, a few moments later. He held her close. Then, very gently, he turned her face up and looked down at her.

"This has gone on long enough," he said quietly. "Susan, you must tell me what's wrong. Do you suppose I haven't known, all these weeks, that you were worried? Goodness knows, I never dreamed I could love anyone so much, but—"

"Say that again, Tom," she urged him in a whisper.

He repeated his words, gently, looking into her eyes.

The kitchen reared up suddenly, frightening her. She seemed to be falling, falling—down the precipice at last. Just as Agnes Jacobs had said—

It was nearly dark in the sitting-room, when she opened her eyes. Old Sally was over by the window, talking to Tom. Doctor Timmy was smoking his pipe, watching her.

"Ah!" He put aside his pipe, and sat down beside her, taking her hand. "You're a naughty girl, Susan, frightening your good man that way. Anybody would think he was the one who was going to have a baby, the way he behaved—"

She stared at him, then at the beaming Sally, at Tom, with his eyes glowing steadily with love for her. "Baby?" she repeated stupidly.

Doctor Timmy pursed his lips. "I guessed as much that evening you came to the surgery, remember?—Sally thought so, too—couple of nosy-parkers, aren't we? Here, here, now—what's all this? Tears?"

He gathered the sobbing figure into his old arms, nodding to Sally and Tom. They went out, closing the door behind them carefully.

"Now we're on our own, child," he said quietly. "We don't have to pretend. We can't worry Tom, my dear. You can tell me anything, Susan—you know that—"

She sat up wearily. "I knew all the time," she said quietly, "about Tom. I was listening that night when you told Sally he hadn't long to live. I couldn't bear it any longer, Timmy. I love him so much. Just because I knew I was to lose him, I tried to make him happy, and it was so easy, I kept wondering why I couldn't have been like that all the time. Why do we have to wait until it is too late? Timmy, keep him alive for me—please! There must be something—something—"

"Listen, Susan," he said, "to-night, just before Tom sent for me, Sally and I had been up to Merton House to see Wallace Pertain. He died this evening, Susan, and we had to comfort his wife and children. He had been in to see me at the surgery just before you arrived that evening. Sally and I were shocked and upset. We couldn't help talking about it, I suppose. And you, being a nosy, inquisitive little baggage, put two and two together, and made a glorious five, all to your own satisfaction, eh? You poor kid—"

"You mean—not Tom? He won't die?"

"Not unless you kill him with those awful ples of yours," he said nonchalantly.

She lay very still, after he had gone, staring out into the garden. When Tom came in at last she slipped her hand into his.

"So this was what was troubling you," he said at last, gently. "Funny little Susan! We've so much happiness to spare, you and I, Susan, my dear."

She looked at him and smiled. He would never know, never.

"So much happiness, Tom," she repeated softly. "Enough, and to spare, for all the world."

(Copyright)

a lid. An—some money—just a little—thirty dollars—fell out an' a little wax paper envelope with a couple keys in—an—"

"Let's see the keys," Nick demanded. "What'd you do—"

The keys were in one of his shoes, and thirty dollars in the other. Over the dinner table later that evening in the corner of the Hollywood House dining-room Nick folded the keys into Betty Tolbut's expressive fingers.

"It took a little time, but here's the name of the bank in Philadelphia," Nick said. "Safe deposit box. A big one. Think of me when you've counted your fortune."

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● DIRECTIONS for making these and over thirty other beautiful handknits are given in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Children, now on sale, price 1/-. See page 9 for further details.

### New light on a . . .

## HEALTH PROBLEM

● Without doubt, constipation is the root of countless ills, yet most people are casual in their treatment of this evil.

By MEDICO

**THIS** morning I had a visit from nervy-looking Mrs. Hardy — victim of chronic constipation.

"I have taken pill after pill, Doctor," she said, "but as time goes on I seem to get worse, not better. Do you think I need more of the roughage that you read so much about as a cure? I don't suppose I eat the right foods . . ." she trailed off anxiously.

"Now, Mrs. Hardy," I said firmly, "listen to me.

"Roughage is like a whip to a horse. If the horse is healthy, he will move; but if he is weak, he will collapse under the whip. Roughage can only act as a stimulant if the bowel muscle is sufficiently healthy to respond to the stimulation.

"Roughage in itself cannot help the health of the bowel. If the bowel muscle is weak, the roughage can cause a block, and the last state will be worse than the first.

● "The bowel muscle is usually weak in thin, nervous people, like yourself.

"Purgatives are irritants, and, like the whip on the horse, have to be continually increased.

"For the health of the whole of the digestive tract, good nutrition is necessary. A healthy appetite and regular habits are signs of good nutrition. Of the foundation foods which make for good nutrition (milk, meat, cheese, fruit, vegetables, and wholegrain bread and home-cooked cereals), the most important for regular health are those which provide Vitamin B1 (thiamin). This vitamin helps the team-work of nerve and muscle in the bowel.

"Foods rich in thiamin are wholemeal bread and home-cooked oatmeal and wheatmeal. Potatoes, vegetables, and fruit are also good sources of thiamin.

"The commonest cause of lack of regularity is neglect. But this neglect of the body's call spells trouble.

"If proper diet and regular habits fail, a saline washout (teaspoon of salt to pint of warm water) is the more logical solution of the problem."

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**DON'T HIDE THAT SKIN TROUBLE — GET RID OF IT WITH THE AID OF**

## Zam-Buk

**A**TEMPTS to conceal a blotchy, blomed skin with "make-up" usually fail, and only serve to draw attention to the defects. Proper medicinal treatment is needed, and for this there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk Ointment.

Zam-Buk contains fine herbal oils that soothe, purify and heal. It is really surprising how quickly it removes pimples, blotches, redness and roughness affecting the surface skin, and restores the tissues to healthy condition. Don't delay — start using Zam-Buk to-night and be ready to face the winter free of all skin blemishes.

Zam-Buk is also excellent for everyday cuts, bruises, burns, chilblains, chapped hands, foot troubles, etc.



"My skin was blotchy, irritable and sensitive especially when colder weather arrived. The trouble was most obstinate until I used Zam-Buk. Nightly applications brought great relief and soon made my skin smooth and healthy."—Miss D. N. Townley.

"A few innocent looking spots, developed into eczema which spread from knees to toes. I couldn't sleep for the pain and irritation. A friend recommended Zam-Buk and it proved wonderfully soothing and healing. In a short time every sore place had gone and my skin was clear and healthy."—Mrs. A. Chatfield.

### For Skin and Foot Troubles



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By . . .  
**OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to  
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**Y**OUR family catering can be distinctive . . . All recipes are adaptable, and interesting individual touches can be given to the plainest of foods.

The fine art of cooking is not only the highbrow concocting of aspic, pate, or soufflé.

It is the delicate cookery of vegetables, the clever tenderising of meat, the subtle blending of flavors, cleverness with simple ingredients, and a never-ending variety of presentation.

Mentime chic can be achieved in spite of present-day restrictions.

A word to the would-be cordon bleu: It's not the frippery of garnish that makes the dish, it's the essence of the dish itself.

### Braised steak is savory

THIS may take the form of the ubiquitous cubed steak and sliced onions in a brown gravy with varied vegetables such as celery, carrots, turnips, parsnips, mushrooms.

The usual ingredients for four are: One and a half pounds steak (round, topside, chuck, or skirt), 3 or 4 onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint hot water, pepper, salt, and other seasoning to taste.

The steak is cubed and lightly browned in the fat. The sliced onion is then browned, the flour added and browned, and, lastly, the hot water and seasoning. The meat is added to the sauce and cooked gently in lidded stewpan or casserole until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. If vegetables are added, allow only sufficient time after adding to cook the vegetables.

The braised steak may take the form of seasoned steak either as small beef olives or as a pocketed steak or rolled steak. The seasonings may be as varied as the days of the month.

**SAUSAGE-FILLED STEAK ROLL**  
(Excellent for either hot or cold

service . . . hot dinner

one day, cold luncheon the next.)  
About 2lb. topside steak, 1lb. sausage-meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup chopped capsicum (this gives a delicious and distinctive flavor, but may be replaced by any flavor vegetable), 2 tablespoons dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint hot water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pepper and salt.

Buy the steak in one piece about an inch thick. With a sharp knife slice through, not quite cutting to edge, and fold out into one thin sheet. Spread with the combined sausage-meat, onion, and capsicum. Roll and tie securely with string at one-inch intervals. Brown outside of the roll well in the heated fat. Add flour and brown, and then the hot water, vinegar, and salt to taste. Cook gently in covered stewpan or casserole for 1½ to 2 hours.

### Corned mutton is economical

CORNED mutton has become as popular as corned beef. Its flavor is delicate and distinctive. It may be bought fresh or cooked. There appear to be plentiful supplies of corned mutton ribs and flap on the market at a few pence a pound. These are delicious cold with salad or served hot, sliced or minced, with a sauce.

The service of the corned mutton can be varied with different types of sauce and vegetable accompaniments.

**To Cook Corned Mutton:** Wash thoroughly and plunge into sufficient warm water to cover. Add small bunch of herbs and flavor vegetable such as onion. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes to each lb. and 20 minutes over.

#### WHITE SAUCE

Try this white sauce with flavor variations:—

Half pint cooking stock, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Blend the flour to a thin, smooth

**DISTINCTION FOR SIMPLE FOOD** . . . Roll of topside steak with filling of sausage-meat and chopped capsicum, parsley, potatoes, and carrot straws.

paste with a little cold milk. Heat remainder of milk and stock. When nearly boiling, add blended flour and simmer gently for five minutes, stirring well. Add the butter and correct seasoning to taste. To flavor add one of the following:—

Two tablespoons chopped capsicum, 3 sliced cooked onions, 2 teaspoons curry powder with 3 tablespoons raisins or sultanas, 1 cup chopped cooked mushrooms, 1 cup chopped pickles, 1 cup sliced tomatoes with 1 tablespoon chopped shallot. Serve steaming hot.

### Liver is good for you

COUPON-FREE and rich in food value, tonic vitamin B and anti-anaemic iron, inexpensive and rich in flavor, liver lends itself easily to a variety of savory dishes.

Crumbed liver slices fried slowly until well browned and then simmered gently for 10 minutes in a sharp brown sauce, well flavored

with onion or bacon, are a universal cold night favorite, especially if served with flaky white whole potatoes, baked tomatoes, and green vegetables.

When possible include at least one service of liver in the weekly menu. If the family have to be sold the idea, try a different recipe each week—liver croquettes, liver pate, casserole of liver and apples, braised whole liver stuffed with a seasoning of savory breadcrumbs, a piquant liver loaf served in slices with vegetables, or a pie with a cubed liver sizzling in rich brown sauce.

#### LIVER LOAF

This piquant liver loaf is delicious with a creamed bacon sauce, or cut wafer-thin for lunch-box sandwiches.

One and a half pounds beef liver, 1½ cups boiling water, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped sage leaves, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Wash the liver, cover with the boiling water, and stand 10 minutes. Drain and mince with the onion. Add parsley, sage, flour, breadcrumbs, beaten egg and pepper and salt. Press into a greased loaf-tin or bar-tin, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes.

### Chokoes are plentiful

GARDEN-FRESH chokoes are a delicately flavored, versatile food. Boiled or steamed, baked or fried for the dinner plate; spiced and seasoned for chutneys; plain or with lemon, apple, or pineapple for jam; whipped into a custard, or sweetened and spiced for a pie . . . It's easy to ring in the changes when serving the choko.

### SWEET CHOKO PIE

This sweet choko pie is of the make-it-more-than-once variety.

Four chokoes, 1 cooking apple, 1 cup sugar (brown or white), juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon (or to taste) mixed spice, or 2 or 3 cloves, water, 4oz. shortcrust pastry.

Peel and core the chokoes and apple, and cut into small cubes. Make a syrup of the sugar and about 1 cup water. Add lemon rind and spice or cloves. Add the diced chokoes and apple. Cover and cook gently until tender. Add the lemon juice and a knob of butter, if any to spare. Pour into piedish, cover with pastry, glaze with sugar syrup, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) about 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

### Fluffy pudding is a family favorite

WINTER time is pudding time, and the fluffy pudding can be served every night of the week in varied guise. One night cook the mixture over rhubarb and serve as wedges of fluffy pie; the next night cook in a cake-tin over sliced grapefruit in a caramel syrup, and turn out as a toasty-turvy with the fruit on top. Another night apples can be sliced on top of the mixture, dusted with spice, and cooked as a Dutch apple cake, or bake the mixture plain and serve with golden syrup. Think of another—it's a game that can go on indefinitely.

Here's the basic fluffy pudding mixture for four to six:—

Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. dripping, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, milk.

Sift the flour, rub in the fat, add the sugar and any flavoring such as grated orange or lemon rind, spice, and dried fruit (2oz. to 3oz.). Add the beaten egg and mix quickly and lightly, with just sufficient milk to make a smooth, thick batter of a drop (not pour) consistency. Bake in greased piedish or cake-tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot.

### BUBBLES SAVES THE GAME!



WHY, BUBBLES, YOU'RE THE VERY PERSON I'VE JUST RUN INTO!



JUST TO PROVE WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING, LOOK AT THAT 5 YEAR OLD JUMPER. IT'S BEEN LUX-ED DOZENS OF TIMES.



IT'S BEAUTIFULLY SOFT AND FRESH.



BUBBLES' RULES FOR WASHING WOOLIES:



GOSH, MUM, NO-ONE'S EVER THOUGHT THAT HAD BEEN WASHED. IT'S AS SOFT AS NEW.





THANK YOU  
DOCTOR

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

## FORD PILLS ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived Sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating, cleansing, and healing action of Flexibar Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chubins. Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also ti-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful anti-septic germicide).

It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn Eczema and other skin Sores.

**FLEXIBAR  
OINTMENT**

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemist and Store. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. For generous FREE SAMPLE, write to "Flexibar," 375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## FEELING "Ready to Drop"?

Even the extra strain of war-time living, of personal anxieties and long hours of work, should not exhaust your energy or destroy your joy of living. Your resources should be almost inexhaustible if only you can rebuild your normal powers of recuperation. One sip of WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic," makes you feel brighter, more alert—vigorous and alive. A few more glasses put that sparkle in your eyes, spring in your step, pep into your body. WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect because its rich, choice, full-blooded wine content is supercharged with two vital, nourishing vitamins. It brings new strength to your brain and nerves. A long course is not necessary. You may safely take and enjoy WINCARNIS—its value is proved by the 26,000 recommendations received from medical men. Obtainable from all chemists.



## CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL



## CUTEX MANICURE

Cutex Nail polish is obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of supplies for civilians. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.



**MAKE IT YOURSELF**... Sliced liver sausage... combine equal quantities of minced liver and bread-crumbs, flavor with onion and herbs, bind with egg or thick sauce, and boil in cloth for 2 hours.

## Friendly readers share recipes

● Delicious sweet marmalade with a tangy apple flavor, little honey cakes, good hot or cold, a sweet, a savory, an eggless batter... these recipes are passed on by other readers.

**SEND** your contribution to the State office of The Australian Women's Weekly... see address on pattern page.

Write on one side of the paper only. State ingredients clearly, and follow by method.

### ORANGE AND APPLE JAM

Peel and core four cooking apples. Barely cover the peel and cores with water and stew until thoroughly pulped. Set the apples aside for other use. Slice 3 sweet oranges very finely, add the strained apple juice, made up to 1 pint with water, and stand till next day. The pipes may be removed. Boil until the orange rind is tender, and then add sugar in proportion of 1 cup sugar to every 1 cup pulp. Add 1 extra cup of sugar. Boil until the mixture jells when tested.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Henry Beak, Broadmeadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

### PUMPKIN BATTER

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cooked mashed pumpkin, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Sift flour and salt into basin, add milk gradually, beating well, then pumpkin. Add baking powder just before using. Used for coating left-over meats, thick slices of cheese, or as Yorkshire Pudding. Sliced apple or banana may be added, or the mixture may be fried plain and served with lemon and sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Bowmaker, 13 The Crescent, Mosman, N.S.W.

### HONEY CAKES

One and a half ounces good beef dripping, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup self-raising flour, salt, boiling water.

Cream dripping, salt, and sugar well. Pour 1 tablespoon boiling



**EVER TRIED** a tray of very hot assorted fritters for party savories? Jean Rogers, MGM star, tries them here. Oysters, mussels, prawns, chickens' livers, any savory tidbits dipped in batter and dunked in fuming fat until crisp and brown.



**INTEREST IS ADDED** to this platter by the faint flavor of sage leaves in the creamed carrot and parsnip mould. A hint of cheese is added to the mock veal cutlets.

water carefully on to mixture, beat in, then follow with 1 tablespoon cold milk. Mix well till smooth and creamy. Next add lemon rind, honey, and beaten egg-yolk, in order stated. Sift in flour and spice, using milk as required. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake in moderate oven in greased patties for 15 to 20 minutes. Sultanias or currants may be used.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Godfrey, 80 Albany St., Gosford, N.S.W.

### APPLE ROLL

Take 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, and rub in 2 tablespoons butter or good dripping. Mix into dry dough with 1 beaten egg and little milk. Roll out in long sheet and grate over it 4 or 5 cooking apples. Sprinkle with sugar. Sometimes I use cinnamon or currants or sultanias. Roll up and put in large pie-dish. Then pour over a syrup made of the following ingredients: 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup boiling water. Bake in good oven 1 to 1 1/2 hour. Instead of an apple filling you can use any jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. J. Adams, Charlton, Vic.

### CRISP BEEF CROQUETTES

Two potatoes, remains of cold cooked corned beef, 1 onion, bread-crumbs, seasoned flour, milk.

Peel potatoes and onion. Cut into small pieces, cover with boiling water, cook until tender, or have enough cooked potatoes left from

## Make the most of winter sunshine

By SISTER MARY JACOB

**THIS** is the time of the year when every mother needs to make the best use of sunshine for her babe or for the toddlers.

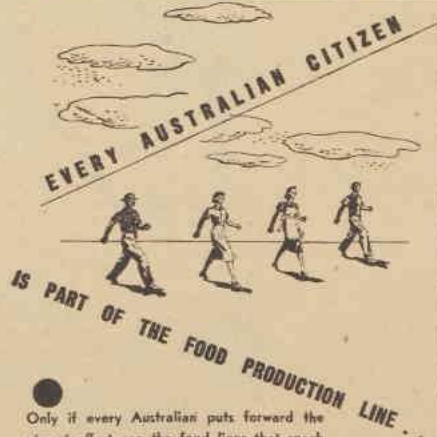
Among other benefits, the direct rays of the sun on the skin surface are responsible for the storage in our bodies of a very valuable vitamin.

A leaflet giving suggestions for the best use of sunshine has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

# SMASH THAT COLD OR FLU ATTACK WITH 'ASPRO'

**TAKE 3 'ASPRO' Tablets** immediately the first sign of a cold appears, and 2 or 3 tablets every 2 or 3 hours afterwards until the symptoms disappear; a hot stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose when going to bed. Some people use lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, while others mix the two. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Colds and Flu to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill.

**PRICES**  
**3d, 1/3 & 4d**  
**PER PACKET.**



Only if every Australian puts forward the utmost effort can the food lines that reach from Australia to the Pacific, to the Mediterranean, and to the invasion Armies in Britain be kept at full strength.

**A breakdown in these food lines could be as fatal as a breakdown in the munitions lines.**

Our farms are producing for all they are worth. Food processing plants are working to capacity. **But YOU, too, must give your support.**

Grow your own vegetables. If possible keep a few fowls. Preserve all the food you can. Avoid waste. Plan meals to obtain the maximum benefit from the food you eat. Keep constantly in mind that—

**1944 must be the Record  
Food Production Year in Our History**

Issued by Commonwealth Food Control

F. 37.13



# No Medals for Mother



Her cares are many,  
her tasks beyond number.  
Every hour, every minute  
She is on duty—  
She sees the children  
off to school,  
She makes the meals,  
She makes the beds—  
**and the 'planes!**  
Sees to the laundry  
**and the lathe.**  
Fills the shells—  
and the shopping basket,  
a tiring business  
these days.  
Cuts sandwiches  
for her man  
going on night duty—  
and wakes at once  
if her child  
cries in the night.  
Tired yet tireless,  
She holds the fort  
of the family;  
the citadel  
of the hearth.  
She has no medals,  
only the pride  
of working and striving  
beside her menfolk  
in a great enterprise—  
to save the homes  
and the children  
of all the world.

★ ★ ★ ★

The women of Australia are making  
great contributions to the war effort—  
not least of these is what they are  
doing for Savings.

## Save for Victory

*Buy War Savings Certificates and 5/- National Savings Stamps*

Inserted by William Arnott Pty., Limited, Homebush,  
with acknowledgments to "The Times," London